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IMPORTANT NOTICE.

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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

LITERATURE.

Queen Mary. A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. (London: H. S. King & Co., 1875.)

It is impossible for any admirer of Mr. Tennyson to approach without mistrust a drama by the great lyric and idyllic poet, and especially a drama on such a subject as Mary Tudor. Mr. Tennyson has made the English language richer by lyrics ranging through every tone of music, from the cradle-song to the death-song, from "silver sails all out of the west," to those lines about dying eyes and the glimmering casement, that Edgar Poe never tired of repeating. The "Lotos-eaters" contains all the magic of an earthly paradise in short; "Fatima," once for all, utters all passion of love, and outside these there is an unequalled wealth of melody and of colour in "The Dream of Fair Women," and the "Morte d'Arthur," as of unapproached clearness of spiritual vision in the ninety-fifth poem of *In Memoriam*. With such works behind him, works so admirable and lonely in their beauty, and yet so personal, so little dramatic in character, it is perilous for a poet arrived at that age when the Muse is wont to murmur to her votary,

"Nous n'irons plus aux bois,
Les lauriers sont coupés,"

it is perilous to wander further afield in search of strange laurels.

Mr. Tennyson has not accustomed us to look for drama from his hands, and among other reasons for mistrust, the blank verse which he has made his own is not the verse best suited to the rapid utterance of the stage. He is known to be a student in the best school of dramatic verse, the school of Shakspeare and Marlowe; but even so, for him to adopt another measure, and change his natural note, is a dangerous experiment. Add to this that he is now ruling among the second generation of men who have listened to his verse, and the second generation of a poet's hearers is always captious and hard to please, and has given its first love to the singers contemporary with its own youth. Mr. Swinburne has the ear of modern lovers of modern drama, and it is difficult to avoid the temptation to fruitless and irritating comparison between his Mary, like his *Félice*

"swift and white,
And subtly warm and half perverse,"

and Mr. Tennyson's gloomy fanatic in love and religion.

This last thought, of the historical character of Mary Tudor, brings us to what we cannot but think is the one, the fundamental misfortune of Mr. Tennyson's play,

the misfortune that prevents it, in spite of all its skill, and manifold beauty of various passages, from pleasing as a whole. It seems so like an impertinence to say that the subject chosen by Mr. Tennyson for a tragedy, the life and death of Mary Tudor, does not contain the stuff of a tragedy at all, that one is compelled to quote the highest English authority on one's side, the authority of Mr. Matthew Arnold:—

"What, then," says Mr. Arnold, "are the situations, from the representation of which, though accurate, no poetical enjoyment can be derived? They are those in which the suffering finds no vent in action; in which a continuous state of mental distress is prolonged, unrelieved by incident, hope, or resistance; in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done. In such situations there is inevitably something morbid, in the description of them something monotonous. When they occur in actual life they are painful, not tragic; the representation of them in poetry is painful also."

This criticism might have been written expressly for the history of Mary Tudor. A monotonous and continuous mental distress, the distress of jealousy, of lovelessness is only broken for a moment by hope of child-bearing. The suffering finds no vent in action, unless the cutting of Philip's picture out of its frame be action; the pain is unrelieved by incident, unless the burning of Cranmer may be considered as a relief.

True, there is a kind of progress and development in Mary's distress, from the mere distress of "the ugly princess," to the jealousy that is born twin-sister of her love, and thence to almost the condition of the "blood-maniac" whose language is charged with images from the stake and the block, ending in the trance where pain ceases to be conscious in the fine scene of the fifth act, part of which we quote. The Queen has been singing, and Alice, a much less pleasant confidante than Guinevere's little maid, says, "Your Grace hath a low voice."

"Mary.

"How dare you say it?
Even for that he hates me. A low voice
Lost in a wilderness where none can hear!
A voice of shipwreck on a shoreless sea!
A low voice from the dust and from the grave."
(Sitting on the ground.)

"Alice.

"Good Lord! how grim and ghastly looks her Grace,
With both her knees drawn upward to her chin.
There was an old world tomb beside my father's,
And this was opened, and the dead were found
Sitting, and in this fashion; she looks a corpse."

To this crouching and unconscious position of the savage buried, the monotonous misery of her life brings the Queen. Her pain is querulous and cruel: "Queen Mary gwoes on a burnin' and a burnin', to get her baaby born;" as one of the Oxfordshire Gossips says in her dialect, and the mind wearies of the ceaseless complaints. Pole, delicately drawn as the scholar-priest compelled by fortune and feebleness of will to cruelty, grows querulous too, and Philip is peevish:—

"I am sicker staying here
Than any sea could make me passing hence,
Tho' I be ever deadly sick at sea.
So sick I am with biding for this child.
Is it the fashion in this clime for women
To go twelve months in bearing of a child?"

The reader also grows "sick with biding for this child," yet such "biding" was an

essential part of the sorrow, we cannot say the tragedy, of Mary Tudor. Only a French play-writer imagining things "not dreamed of by the rabidest gospeller," things more absurd than parody can surpass, could get dramatic passion and incident into the story of this Queen. Mr. Tennyson, we are compelled to think, has done everything in his play but this; he has developed characters of great subtlety with masterly touches, has rendered the historical spirit and tone of the time:—

"The world is like a drunken man
Who cannot move straight to his end, but reels
Now to the right, then as far to the left,"

has shown the resistance excited by cruelty—

"They swarm into the fire
Like flies—for what? No dogma,"

—has relieved the horror of Cranmer's burning by the indifferent tattle of his gossips, but he has not made a tragedy where tragedy there was none to make.

Mr. Tennyson has criticised his own play when he makes Lord Howard say of Mary:—

"Her fierce desire of bearing him a child
Hath like a brief and bitter winter's day
Gone narrowing down and darkening to a close."

There is no room for sympathy in the record of the narrowing and darkening. The whole weight of all the world's forces seems to crush the wretched and frail protagonist of a cause neither romantic nor successful, that has pleased neither the gods nor the girls.

To turn from the effect of Mr. Tennyson's drama, as a whole, to the admirable execution of parts, to the elaboration of the minor characters, is to be relieved from necessity of hinting disappointment. Elizabeth is perhaps the most prominent and masterly portrait, where most are masterly:—

"A Tudor
Schooled by the shadow of death, a Boleyn too
Glancing across the Tudor."

There is much humour in her unqueenly readiness to flirt, in her puns, and her flash of energy and thunder of speech, when she hears of Mary's mortal illness:—

"God's death! and wherefore spake you not before?
We dally with our lazy moments here,
And hers are numbered."

Gardiner's brutal temper, and difficulty in swallowing papal claims, are carefully indicated. He scolds, and, so to speak, "proctorises" the crowd:—

"Gardiner. 'What is thy name?'
Man. 'Sanders.'
Gardiner. 'What else?'
Man. 'Zerubbabel.'
Gardiner. 'Where dost thou live?'
Man. 'In Cornhill.'
Gardiner. 'Where, knave, where?'
Man. 'Sign of the Talbot.'
Gardiner. 'Come to me to-morrow.'"

The blustering Lord Mayor, the sonneteer Wyatt, the feather-head Courtenay, Howard divided between country and church, Cranmer consoling his remorse by the thought that Joan of Kent was a witch—are all figures that live. As to the gossips, Tib and Joan, their likes may be met any day at Carfax, talking of cows and white pease, as they did in Mary's time. The tempest of Church and state, all change of faith from transubstantiation to protoplasm, sweep by and do not change the peasantry of Oxford-

shire. We shall quote part of the gossip's talk, wherein the curious may detect a mastery of dialect equal to that shown in the "Northern Farmer":—

"Joan. 'Why it be Tib.'

Tib. 'I cum behind, gall, and couldn't make tha hear. Eh, the wind and the wet. What a day, what a day! Nigh upo' judgement daay loike. Pwoaps be pretty things, Joan, but they wunt set i' the Lord's cheer o' that daay.'

Joan. 'I must set down myself, Tib; it be a var waay vor my owld legs up vro' Islip. Eh, my rheumatiz be that bad howiver be I to win to the burnin'.'

Tib. 'I should saay 'tweere ower by now. I'd ha' been here avore, but Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, and Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.'

Joan. 'Our Daisy's as good 'z her.'

Tib. 'Noa, Joan.'

Joan. 'Our Daisy's butter's as good 'z hern.'

Tib. 'Noa, Joan.'

Joan. 'Our Daisy's cheesses be better.'

Tib. 'Noa, Joan.'

Joan. 'Eh, then ha' thy waay wi' me Tib, ez thou hast wi' thy owld man.'

Tib. 'Ay, Joan, and my owld man wur up and awaay betimes wi' drie hard eggs for a good pleece at the burnin'; and barrin' the wet, Hodge 'ud ha' been a-harrowin' o' white peasen i' the outfield—and barrin' the wind, Dumble wur blow'd wi' the wind, so 'z we were forced to stick her, but we fetched her round at last. Thank the Lord therevore. Dumble's the best milcher in Islip.'

Joan. 'Thou's thy way wi' man and beast, Tib. I wonder at tha', it beats me! Eh, but I do know ez Pwoaps and vires be bad things; tell 'ee now, I heerd summatt as summun towld summun o' owld Bishop Gardiner's end; there wur an owld lord a cum to dine wi' 'un, and a wur so owld a couldn't bide vor his dinner, but a had to bide howsomiver, vor, "I wunt dine" says my Lord Bishop, says he, "not till I hears Latimer and Ridley be a-vire;" and so they bided on and on till vour o' the clock, till his man cum in post vro' here, and tells on ez the vires has tuk holt. "Now," says the bishop, says he, "we'll gwo to dinner;" and the owld lord fell to's meat wi' a will, God bless 'un; but Gardiner were struck down like by the hand o' God avore a could taste a mossel, and a set him all a-vire so 'z the tongue on un cum a lolluping out o' 'is mouth as black as a rat. Thank the Lord therevore."

In parting with Mr. Tennyson's play, it is necessary to say something of the structure of his verse. He has rightly refrained from the polished and musical style that is his own, the cadences that he first introduced to English poetry. He does not imitate the natural roughness and the archaisms of Elizabethan art, but employs a plain verse, with occasional half lines for the more emphasis. Often it would be hard to guess that Mr. Tennyson is the writer, only in a curious speech of the Second Alderman there comes a familiar touch, and at the same time a slight obscurity:—

"Did you mark our Queen?

The colour freely played into her face,
And the half sight which makes her look so stern
Seem'd through that dim dilated world of hers
To read our faces."

Queen Mary is full of various interest and insight; it shows powers unguessed at, and as yet scarcely to be appreciated. This is too early a day to guess at its future place and rank in English poetry and among the works of Mr. Tennyson. A. LANG.

Histoire de Napoléon I^{er}. Par P. Lanfrey.
Tome V. (Paris: Charpentier, 1875.)

THE history of Napoleon has often been written, but never yet, perhaps, in a really impartial manner. The very day after his fall the great Emperor found many detractors, detractors as violent as his admirers

were enthusiastic. Walter Scott may pass for one of the former. Though he cannot be reproached for the severity of his judgment, there is no doubt that at the present day no one in England would accept that judgment without reservation.

In France, where at times opinion changes so rapidly, the fall of the great Emperor in 1814 was hailed as a deliverance by the large majority of the nation, but less than one year of the Restoration sufficed to give him back a popularity that rendered his fatal return from Elba possible. After 1815, under the Second Restoration, the liberal party was neither clear-sighted nor truthful when, in opposition to the reactionary spirit of legitimacy, they set up the legend of a revolutionary Napoleon, parading the principles of '89 throughout Europe, in the track of his soldiers' steps. The influence of this legend—the type of which is embodied in the figure of Napoleon in the little hat and grey overcoat placed by Louis-Philippe on the top of the Vendôme Column—made itself felt through a long succession of years, and traces of it are found even in the most eminent historians.

It would certainly be impossible to find anywhere a more sagacious writer than M. Thiers, or one with a mind more free from bias and less easily led astray. In many passages of his *Consulate and Empire* he inveighs against the injustice and follies of the Imperial régime with remarkable vigour, and yet now and then it seems as though he had been under the influence of the legend which had nursed his childhood. Military tactics, moreover, always exercise a great spell over him; the military genius of the great commander dazzles and fascinates him; he delights in describing his plans for a campaign or, if necessary, in guessing them. He leaves such subjects with regret, and when forced to speak of politics he hurries over the ground, hastens to express blame as if to ease his conscience, and appears anxious to return to what he is permitted to admire, namely, the military conceptions of the unrivalled captain. M. Lanfrey belongs to a different school. He has not been so unwise as to attempt to rewrite the military history of the First Empire after M. Thiers. He gives to the events of the war their proper place, the great place they must necessarily occupy in the treatment of such a subject, but dwells far more than his illustrious predecessor on the political and economical history of the Empire. Judging it by the light of liberal principles as well as of modern events, he blames and condemns more frequently and more severely than M. Thiers. This is no reason for numbering him among Napoleon's systematic detractors; he is not one of those who question his military genius. Quite the reverse; on that point he does him the fullest justice. An entire chapter of his new volume is devoted to Wagram—a battle which, though it certainly did not result in a victory as complete and decisive as that of Austerlitz or Jena, was yet a glorious triumph, and a triumph due to the wisdom, consummate prudence, and undeniable skill of the Emperor in preparing his movements and concentrating his forces.

On the other hand, M. Lanfrey does not belong to the *Chauvins* who see no merit out of France, and who, unable to bring themselves to attribute any to their enemies, explain their country's reverses by such meaningless words as fortune and fatality. He does full justice to Wellington's genius; and if he lays stress upon the faults into which the French generals fell in the campaigns of 1809, 1810, and 1811 in Spain and Portugal, he does so with no intention of lessening the glory of their great adversary. It is impossible to read these chapters of his book without asking what would have happened had Napoleon, after the Peace of Vienna, gone himself—as he had promised, and as everyone expected he would—to Spain at the head of his best troops. What would have been the issue of a gigantic duel between these two men—one the personification of the genius of attack, the other of defence? Most Frenchmen are convinced that Napoleon would have carried off the victory; most Englishmen, no doubt, have the opposite conviction—a conviction, it must be owned, which Waterloo seems to justify. They ought, however, to be reminded that the Grand Army had perished in Russia; that in 1815 Napoleon had not the soldiers of Austerlitz under his command; and that the arrival of the Prussians, which gave the Allies such an immense numerical superiority, must count for something in Wellington's victory. The question will remain unsolved to the end of time. Why did Napoleon not solve it in person? Why did he not proceed to Spain when everything seemed to call him thither? Was it care, perhaps even fear, for his own safety that kept him from taking a personal share in a war consisting wholly of skirmishes and ambuscades? Was he absorbed by all the varied anxieties inseparable from the administration of his vast Empire? Did he think that the question could not be immediately solved, and that the war in Spain would cease of itself as soon as he had struck Russia with dismay and forced England by establishing a continental blockade to sign a treaty of peace? M. Lanfrey leaves his readers rather in indecision, and judging by his explanations, is evidently not clear himself on this point. One thing is certain, that Napoleon noised abroad his intended departure for Spain, and yet apparently never had any serious intention of going thither. It is not easy to penetrate his motives or to explain a line of conduct which seems to run so directly counter to the interests of the Emperor.

And is this the only thing difficult to explain with regard to his conduct? Assuredly not. The epoch which forms the subject of the fifth volume of M. Lanfrey's book seems to be the most brilliant of the whole reign. Napoleon has defeated Austria at Wagram. The great English expedition has met with a signal disaster in the fever-breathing marshes of Walcheren. It is true, the war in Spain was being carried on amidst useless successes and painful reverses, but who would have suspected that this obscure struggle going on in one corner of Europe could influence the destinies of the grand empire, the empire which was still continuing, without any apparent difficulties, to extend its

boundaries by the annexation by simple decrees of one vast country after another. In this way, the Papal States, Holland, the Valais, the Hanse towns, a part of Hanover and Oldenburg all lost their last shadow of independence. As though wishing to make his great power felt as much in words as in deeds, the Emperor officially proclaimed the interests of the empire—that is to say, his own private interest, which thus became the official law of public right—to be the object and motive of these unheard-of measures. Europe all the time said nothing. The fact was, Napoleon's power was at that time boundless. Yet it was manifest, even then, that the feet of the colossus were of perishable clay; it is clear to every careful observer that, in spite of its brilliant exterior, the immense erection was fragile and must before long fall to the ground. The conception on which it is based was so insane, and the means employed to carry it out were, if anything, still more so. To dream of a universal monarchy after Charlemagne and Charles V., and to aim at turning Europe into one vast empire by subjecting all the nations to the French régime was surely the most insane and the most guilty of political conceptions. Had Napoleon been successful, had he been able to bring the whole of Europe into lasting submission to the French yoke, he would only have ended in ruining it, if not materially, at all events morally and intellectually. The diversities of genius, temperament and character which distinguish nations from each other are no less necessary to the life and progress of humanity than are diversities of men to the life and progress of nations. To reduce all nationalities to the same level, to convert Rome, Geneva, Amsterdam and Hamburg into so many capitals of French departments, was not merely to trample justice under foot, it was insulting to common sense.

If this fatal system had lasted Europe would have gradually sunk into one dead uniformity, and all intellectual and moral life would have become extinct. It is therefore true (and M. Lanfrey is right in saying so) that England, who at that moment alone withstood Napoleon, became by virtue of the facilities afforded her by her insular position the champion of liberty and civilisation, and deserves the gratitude of the whole world in return. But if the end in view was detestable, the means which the Emperor used to attain that end were no better. Sometimes they seem to have been expressly devised to run counter to the intended results. The moral sense was wanting in the Emperor. He was through life the man who caused the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien and laid a trap for the King of Spain at Bayonne. He not only felt no repugnance for falsehood, cunning, and violence, but had habitual recourse to them in all his governmental acts. And yet, wishing as he did to bring the whole of Europe under his sway, he should have made it his first object to render his authority endurable. He should have done all in his power to lessen the unavoidable humiliation of his rule by the most studied consideration, or at least a just and foreseeing administration. He took no such precautions. We are now and then led to ask whether he did not rely for the establishment

of the Empire on brute force alone because he was aware how monstrous a conception it was, and acknowledged to himself that there was but one way to make it enduring, namely, to crush those over whom that empire was to extend.

The continental blockade was undoubtedly one of the worst inventions of imperial despotism, and one of its gravest errors. Napoleon had flattered himself that he could compel England by that means to lay down her arms, but England suffered far less than his own empire from the blockade, the surest result of which was to ruin the industry of the whole continent. Again, had the whole empire suffered equally from the scourge thus inflicted upon it, the consequences would have been less disastrous; but no sooner had Napoleon recognised the fatal result of the system he had adopted, than for his own benefit and the benefit of the old France, he began to infringe the law he had laid down. It is difficult to conceive anything more iniquitous than the system of licences by which he sold for hard cash permission to French merchants to run the blockade, enforcing it at the same time with the utmost rigour on the rest of his subjects, and whenever he could on his allies as well. Was not this to seek deliberately to exasperate those whose attachment, since he had proclaimed himself their ruler; it should have been his interest to secure? The fact is the faults he committed during those brilliant years are simply innumerable. After the fault of not having put an end to the war in Spain by going thither himself—after the fault of those insane annexations by which he extended his empire from Rome to Hamburg—after the fault of marrying an Austrian princess and quarrelling with Russia, whose powerful sovereign he treated as no well-bred man would treat a private gentleman under similar circumstances, the Emperor committed a fault more serious still when he convoked the Council of 1811.

How was it possible for a man of such exalted genius and so superior a mind, a man trained as he was in the direction of human affairs, to have made a mistake of so grave a nature?

Napoleon believed in force and in force only; he fancied he could command the Church as he commanded an army. This at once renders the annexation of the Papal States and the strict captivity of the Holy Father intelligible; but it is unintelligible that having thus acted he should have deemed it possible to convoke a council. The very thing he ought to have foreseen happened; the men whom he had found tractable and even fearful when they were isolated, acquired a certain self-esteem and *esprit de corps*, which gave them, as soon as they were brought together, a strength and firmness they would never otherwise have possessed.

And to his amazement the Emperor found himself face to face with something that looked like resistance. This had not happened to him for many long years. But he did not thence learn that men were less contemptible than he had believed them to be, he did not give up his project of reorganising Catholicism after his own fashion

and for his own profit, but found himself when the council broke up rather farther from the goal than before.

How many more faults might be enumerated, were we to follow M. Lanfrey step by step through all the chapters of his new volume! And yet the man who committed them was undoubtedly one of the most powerful geniuses the world has ever seen. But no genius has ever yet been able to resist the infatuation of supreme power. The truth is—and this gives the narrative its keen interest, an interest admirably sustained by the author's sober and severe style—that during these three years Napoleon is at war, solely, with himself. Excepting England, whom he cannot touch and who cannot on her side do him any great harm, everything has bent before him and is silent. But he is at strife with his own passions, with that unquenchable thirst for power, that ambition which knows neither curb, measure, nor bounds, which impels him again and again to call everything in question, again and again to stake his crown in order to enrich it with new gems. Russia alone has preserved some degree of independence, and therefore Russia must be conquered. Like the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, Alexander must be reduced to the position of a vassal, so without any reason, without the excuse of having a single grievance to allege, a single motive to put forward, he prepares to invade Russia, denying it all the time in a manner as shameless as it was useless. It is said, and M. Lanfrey just mentions the fact, that several times during those long preparations the ghost of Charles XII. appeared to the Emperor. Unhappily for the hundreds of thousands of men who were to meet their death on the icy fields of Russia, he paid no heed to it. The demon of absolute power had seized on its prey, and was to lead him to his ruin.

ETIENNE COQUEREL.

Our Bishops and Deans. By the Rev. F. Arnold, B.A., late of Christ Church, Oxford. (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1875.)

QUID domini facient, audent cum talia—curates? What is to become of the Bench of Bishops, when the order of "orders" is reversed, and a curate, unbosoming his inner heart to a poet-friend, declares what, in his deliberate opinion, is the lesson taught by the past and present history of our "Bishops and Deans"? It is scarcely probable that a conclave will be urgently summoned to Lambeth with a view to joint-answering Mr. Arnold's challenge, in the 700 pages of which there is little noticeable beyond second-hand ecclesiastical gossip, a heaping-up of bad jokes, and a consistent exhibition of bad taste. If a *bona fide* history of our bishops and deans was needed, it should have drawn a line at the penultimate incumbents of the sees and deaneries, whereas by making his book for the most part a sketch-book of contemporary ecclesiastics, Mr. Arnold panders to the craving for tittle-tattle which is bred by books like Mrs. Stowe's *Sunny Memories*, or Willis's *People I have Met*; and so far from sustaining the already defective rever-

ence of our generation for its ecclesiastical rulers, does his worst by faint praise, covert sneers, half-pronounced insinuations, and the like, to detract from the dignity of an office which he no doubt professes to hold in honour. Purporting to be a sketch of episcopal history since the days of the Reformation, especially during the present reign, where such careers as those of Bishops Philpotts and Wilberforce will strongly mould ecclesiastical history, and advancing thence to a survey of the present aspect of the Church of England, as represented by its bishops and deans, the work before us sadly falls short of its scope by propounding none of those reforms with which, to judge by the preface, it is labouring and travailing; but darkly hinting that our bishops and curates, or rather our deaconate and episcopate, need extensive increase and reform, lays the flattering unction to the majority of its professional readers that "the great body of the priesthood is in an eminently sound state, and efficiently doing its great work." How far Mr. Arnold is a judge in such matters, and what is the mental calibre which he brings to bear upon the contemplation of our spiritual rulers and leaders, a very cursory skimming of the two octavos before us would suffice to show; and, to be frank, an exacter perusal has brought us to the conclusion that, while under the surface of the work there lurks an animus of discontent and cavilling, the author has got up his subject so perfunctorily that he is reduced to generalities and anachronisms, as where he tilts at the "baronial mediæval prelate," as our modern and abnormal exaggeration of "the primitive Catholic idea;" and that whatever crevices there may be in the joints of the episcopal harness, it is not at any rate Mr. Arnold's bow and spear which are likely to penetrate them.

An opening chapter surveys the Victorian era of the Church of England and its three great movements, but it may be inferred with how uncertain a sound Mr. Arnold's trumpet speaks, when we compare his statement that "the influence of such bishops as Blomfield and Philpotts was thin and pale by the side of such a man as Mr. Keble," and that the influence of the latter "was perhaps the most salutary of our age" (p. 10), with the admission "it appears to us that Keble himself stayed in our Church simply because on the balance of probabilities it appeared to him that it might be safest to do so" (p. 11). It seems as if either the author was not fully persuaded in his own mind what judgment he ought to pass upon a party or an individual, or else that he has contracted so inveterate a taste for "hedging," that in result his utterances are singularly Laodicean. When he is contrasting the Evangelical party with the Broad Church and the High, he seems as if divided between blessing and cursing. "As a rule, they scarcely possess the culture, refinement, breadth—of Broad churchmen"—"but in the intellectual gifts of oratory they have probably left Broad Church and High Church equally behind" (p. 19); when his survey of the school of Hare, Coleridge, Arnold brings him to the mention of the influence of Frederick Denison Maurice, and the impression left by his "rich tremulous eloquent

accents," he has no more self-respect than to chronicle the small-beery circumstance that he once counted in the Vere Street Chapel "thirteen people asleep" on a summer morning, when Maurice was preaching. Mr. Arnold might as well have made the fourteenth, as have busy-bodied himself to record the fact; and, if the truth could be reached in the well of his somewhat fathomless mind, we should probably discover that Professor Maurice's impression upon it was simply "nil," for he winds up with an oracular backhander at this admirable preacher and thinker, "We confess that for ourselves obscurity of style generally argues obscurity of thought." Irrespectively of individuals, we have of course no objection to take to this profound canon, but we cannot help thinking that Mr. Arnold's pretensions would suffer speedy collapse if submitted to it. How would he fare, for example, if judged by this sentence, which he has printed touching Bishop Sumner of Winchester—"His great title to distinction," he writes, "is this, that as one of the first five prelates of England he once sat in the high seat once held by Launcelot Andrews." We defy the deffest candidate for a pupil-teacher's certificate to analyse this sentence: and if from style we turn to power and grasp of thought, is there much heed due to one who can call *Ecce Homo* "a book of a class designed to give the *coup de grâce* to Christianity"? A clearer and more candid estimate would be that *Ecce Homo* is incomplete without the obverse presentment of an *Ecce Deus*; but that as the half of a whole it may be read with profit and edification.

It is not very clear why, in the second chapter, Mr. Arnold gives us some rather objectless sketches of Elizabethan and Jacobean bishops, or on what principle they are sketched. As a rule it is the merest gossip about them which is chronicled, and it is surely as needless as it is in bad taste to rip up at this time of day the sad case of the Bishop of Clogher. One might have supposed that these selected sketches were designed to illustrate the *chef d'œuvre* of fine writing which is found in page 50 of the first volume, where it is said of the bishops, "They have been, as it were, the stormy petrels of the political waters; when they appear conspicuously, the vision is ominous of trouble; or, to adopt another ornithological image, we are sometimes reminded of Landseer's picture of the *Swannery attacked by Sea-Eagles*, when we recollect how the lawned prelates have again and again been attacked by crowds that were not sane, and crowns that were not just;" but it does not seem that Bishops Andrews, Corbet, Bull, Thomas Wilson, and the medley of divines whom he sketches, owe their parading to this prelude of clap-trap imagery and false antithesis. Mr. Arnold gets more amusing, no doubt, when he reviews contemporary divines, and as mere anecdote his sketches would not be amiss. Without pledging our credence, we could afford a grin to the story of the "young Levite" who, at a bishop's breakfast-table, was so 'umble as to decline the replacement of a bad egg by a good one with a "No thank you, my Lord, it's good enough for me;" and as to the story told of

Bishop Vowler Short testing a candidate for holy orders with the first question in the Church Catechism, and making as though he would have plucked him, because he twice answered cumulatively "John Jones." *Credat Judæus*; it would not go down in St. Asaph. But not seldom we detect a sting in these anecdotes. That about Bishop Lonsdale and "that woman's cake" (though it is intended to be collaterally avouched by Mr. Arnold's assurance that "our own legs have reposed under the excellent mahogany" of the lady so slighted), is singularly inconsistent with the kindness of that genial prelate; but we can understand its finding a place in these veracious chronicles, when the author notes elsewhere that "he had a weakness for men of family and wealth." It is doubtless solicitude for a great divine's appreciation by his quondam diocese, which makes him lament that it should have taken so coolly and indifferently Bishop Thirlwall's retirement to Bath; but is it good or kind taste to tell such tales as that "about one very kindly old bishop who filled his nice house with nice people, and only showed at a late dinner"? Though the name is suppressed, we are meant to identify the bishop in question by his bachelorhood and his *duck-feeding*, and then to laugh at the unwarrantable scurrility about his "being picked up by the housemaid in the morning" (ii. 196). Doubtless the author's acquaintance with Bishop Thirlwall and his late diocese was familiar and of long standing? But some bishops who are not quite Mr. Arnold's ideal are disposed of without an anecdote. Bishop Fraser, for instance, is spoken of as honest, eager, bustling, ubiquitous, and voluble. "Yet somehow he leaves you a little restless and dissatisfied. There is a joint in the harness, a crevice in the armour, and you make up your mind that he is crotchety." By the way, has not the Bishop of Manchester stated pretty openly what manner of curates he will promote in his diocese? But of all cool and negatively detractive criticisms the most impertinent is his sketch of Bishop Durnford, "an aged bishop . . . with a cold, clear-cut face, pleasant and garrulous, kindly and refined; a mild, wise, and not inactive ruler," &c. &c. And this is the way an Oxford B.A. writes of two ecclesiastics who, besides having taken in their day the highest honours of their university, are doing good work in their dioceses, and perhaps rather to be congratulated than otherwise in failing to give entire satisfaction to their self-elected critic. It may be a question whether his predilections are to be coveted. They are for the Archbishop of York among archbishops, and the Bishop of Gloucester among bishops. Only it is very odd, he thinks, that the former only took a *third*, and was not considered a clever fellow at Shrewsbury; and as to the latter, you'd hardly dream that "a prelate with so cold, thoughtful, keen, earnest, saintly an expression" could be so "very human," have such a sense of satire and fun, and even get into hot water by a humorous suggestion about not flinging mob agitators into the horse-pond. Is this "dissembling love," or is it not rather "kicking down stairs"? As Mr. Arnold seems to know that the Bishop of Gloucester will probably write

the preface to the New Version, as a former bishop did to the Old, it may, perhaps, be untimely to remark that those prelates strike us as most to be macarized whom Mr. Arnold has least to say about whether for good or evil; but we are free to confess that, taking one sketch with another, we cannot recollect so self-sufficient, slender, and trivial a production as this professed sketch of English episcopal history. Its style is slipshod, though it sets up for criticising episcopal styles, and its inaccuracies are crying; as when in one page we read of the difficulty of "arranging precedent between a canon, curate, and his incumbent," and of Dr. Pretymann-Toulman passing away, "gorged with the spoils of Lincoln and Worcester." It may strike casual readers that the book is worth perusal for its longer sketches of Philpotts, Wilberforce, and Blomfield. Perhaps a crucial test would be to empanel a jury of the kinsfolk of either of these great prelates to decide, "yea or nay," whether they would take Mr. Arnold for their biographer. That he will be remembered, even in the dearth of good books on the subject, as the historian of Anglican Episcopacy, not even himself can imagine in his fondest dreams.

JAMES DAVIES.

Fusang, or the Discovery of America by Chinese Buddhist Priests in the Fifth Century. By Charles G. Leland. (London: Trübner & Co., 1875.)

WE should have had much greater pleasure in examining the merits of the problem propounded in this little book were it not for one very serious defect. Whereas the work consists of a narrative from the Chinese Year Books, translated, with comments, by the late learned Sinologist, Dr. Neumann, and edited by Mr. C. G. Leland, the reader is not always quite sure whether he is reading the ancient document or Dr. Neumann's comments, or what Mr. Leland has to say to us on the subject. When we are told of a fifth-century document purporting to recount the discovery of America by the Chinese at that early date, we receive it as a choice dainty which we would fain taste and roll over the palate in its simplicity and entirety, unflavoured by any foreign condiment whatsoever. Illustrative annotations, most thankfully received, can easily be placed near—and the nearer the better—to the annotated text, but should not be so placed as to break the sequence of the language of the important original; and assuredly there ought to be no doubt as to where that original begins and ends, and what portions of the book appertain to it. We commence Chapter I. with the supposition that we are at once launched upon the translation of the ancient text, for the chapter begins with inverted commas, and has the running heading, "The Narrative of Hœi-shin." If the supposition be correct, however, it is soon baulked, for a paragraph of thirteen lines brings us to the end of a quotation, and we go on reading without meeting any more inverted commas till we reach pages 15 and 16, where two small paragraphs with inverted commas lead to the idea that the ancient text is resumed;

but, as we go on reading, we come in the course of a few lines to the words "Steller also assures us," when we instinctively say to ourselves, "Surely this was not written by any Chinese in the fifth century." It proves, however, to be only a printer's error in omitting the final commas at the end of the preceding paragraph. Two or three more quotations, with the comments, bring us to the end of the second chapter, but when we reach the second page of the third chapter we are thrown into doubt as to what the preceding extracts have been by encountering the words "We will now give a literal translation of the Chinese report." We console ourselves with the belief that at length we have doubtless before us the true *pièce de résistance*, but, as we read on, we come to the following words, "Many Fusang trees grow there, whose leaves resemble the *Dryanda cordifolia*." Marry come up! we say, this in a fifth-century Chinese document? Where are we? This uncertainty is so irritating that it extorts a complaint which is made very reluctantly, for we would gladly enquire into the subject hand in hand with an editor who freely admits that the problem he has to propound remains a problem still, and at the same time does his best to adduce such facts as may appear confirmatory of his own conclusions. This is not the first time that this interesting subject has been brought under the notice of the English reader. In 1847, the present writer in the introduction to the first edition of his *Select Letters of Christopher Columbus*, printed for the Hakluyt Society, wrote as follows:—

"The first specific statement of a supposed migration from the shores of the old world to those of the new is that which the elder De Guignes presumes to be demonstrable from the relation given by a Chinese historian Li Yen, who lived at the commencement of the seventh century. [The date given by Dr. Neumann is 499.] The said historian speaks of a country named Fou-Sang, more than 40,000 *li* to the East of China. He says that they who went thither started from the province of Leaton, situated to the north of Peking, that after having made 12,000 *li* they came to Japan; that travelling 7,000 *li* northward from that place they arrived at the country of Venchin, and at 5,000 *li* eastward of the latter they found the country of Tahan, whence they journeyed to Fou-Sang, which was 20,000 *li* distant from Tahan. From this account De Guignes endeavours, by a long chain of argument, to prove that the Chinese had pushed their investigations into Jeso, Kamtschatka, and into that part of America which is situated opposite the most eastern coast of Asia. This surmise of De Guignes has been answered by Klaproth in a paper which appeared in the *Nouvelles Annales des Voyages* (tom. 51, 2 série, p. 53). His arguments go to show that the country named Fou Sang is Japan; and that the country of Tahan can only be the island of Saghalien. Humboldt observes upon this subject that the number of horses, the practice of writing, and the manufacture of paper from the Fou-Sang tree, mentioned in the account given by the Chinese historian, ought to have shown De Guignes that the country of which he spoke was not America."

The question then arises whether any fact or argument adduced by Dr. Neumann or Mr. Leland is sufficient to overbalance the arguments of Klaproth, or to contravene this cogent reasoning of the illustrious Humboldt. And first we must look to the

geographical indications of the Chinese text. In the above quotation, from another quarter, we have a series of distances and bearings for arriving at Fusang, which we look for in vain in Dr. Neumann's "literal translation" of the Chinese Report. For two reasons, no reliance whatever can be placed on the distances. The *li* has always been different in different provinces and at different periods, and even had it been a constant, the well-known prodigality of the Chinese in the use of numbers would give it all the worthlessness of inconstancy. But due allowance being made for all this, great importance is to be attached to the bearings, for, obviously, if they fail us, we are but dealing with puerilities. Let us then see whither the above given bearings lead us. The Chinese historian himself brings us to Japan from Leaotung. From Japan we are taken northward (or, as Dr. Neumann says, north-east) to Venchin or the Painted People. The former bearing would lead to Jeso or Saghalien, the latter to Kamtschatka, but Dr. Neumann travels by it far more to the eastward, and thus reaches the Aleutian Islands, whose inhabitants he reconciles with the Venchin by the variety of figures which they used to cut on their bodies before their conversion to Christianity. Thence the original takes us eastward to Tahan, but Dr. Neumann, who wishes to find Alaska in Tahan, can only do so by travelling not eastwards but very strongly in a north-east direction. Let us, however, suppose him arrived in Alaska as Tahan. By his own account Fusang, the object of his final search, lies, according to the Chinese, eastward of Tahan, a bearing which will never bring him to Mexico. He must travel through more than thirty degrees of latitude to the south, unindicated in any way by the text, before he can reach that country. Yet to the country of the Aztecs does he thus arbitrarily lead us, and mainly on the strength of the assumption that the Chinese Fusang-tree, from which the country sought for took its name, "was formerly found in America and afterwards, through neglect, became extinct," or that—"the traveller described a plant hitherto unknown to him which supplies as many wants in Mexico as the original Fusang is said to do in Eastern Asia—I mean the great American Aloe (*Agave Americana*), called by the Indians 'Maguey,' which is so remarkably abundant in the plains of New Spain."

By such tentative and conjectural processes is an identity aimed at between Mexico and the Fusang of the Chinese narrative, whereas any naturalist will tell us that there is nothing in common between the Chinese "Fusang" and the Mexican "Maguey." Indeed, as far as we can see, the only point in which a plausible analogy between Fusang and Mexico can be traced lies in the sentence that "No iron is found in this land; but copper, gold and silver are not prized, and do not serve as a medium of exchange in the market." Both Dr. Neumann and Mr. Leland realised the fact that the period of Hœi-shin is long anterior to the most remote periods alluded to in the obscure legends of the Aztecs, resting upon uncertain interpretations of hieroglyphics. In this difficulty Mr. Leland cherishes a hope

that "in Old Peru there lurks some slight possibility of elucidating the question of the Chinese in Mexico in the fifth century," and observes that Mexico might have been at one time peopled by a race having Peruvian customs, which in after years were borne by them far to the south. These surmises are made in conjunction with various hypothetical adaptations of Peruvian habits and customs to the Chinese account, not one of which can we realise as sound. We find no fault, but quite the contrary, with all such tentative and suggestive processes. Were the foothold firmer and the foundation stronger, such suggestions might possibly prove of great value; but as the matter stands, it is obvious that they are but the piling up of mere possibilities upon possibilities. Much trouble has been taken to prove the facility with which communication may have taken place between the eastern shores of Asia and the western coast of America. Of this there can be no question. Nor is there much doubt entertained at the present day that the larger portion of the American continent has been peopled in ancient times from Mongolia. But it is to be feared that the final settlement of such a question can never be founded on such "baseless fabrics" as Li Yen's account of Hwei-shin's visit to Fushan. Furthermore, if we consider the remote period of this Buddhist narrative, the unbounded liberality of the Chinese in exaggeration, the circumstance that the period in question is really that of the introduction of Buddhism into Japan; that the Fusang tree answers best to the *Broussonetia papyrifera*, the bark of which is used for paper-making in Japan and elsewhere; it would seem that we have not to look far beyond Japan itself for the limits of this very mythical exploration.

It is with no disrespect to Mr. Leland, or to the much-honoured memory of Dr. Neumann, that we express this want of assent with their conclusions. Nay, further, there is a fact which, for the curiosity's sake, we gladly mention as apparently corroborative of those conclusions. The Chinese narrative closes with a statement that about a thousand Chinese miles eastward of Fusang is an island of women, and if Fusang were Mexico, we might fairly look for this island among the West Indies. Now, it is curious that Columbus in his first letter speaks of the island of Matenino (Martinique) as one in which there were no men, a new version of an old, old story. In sober seriousness, however, we feel unable to insert upon the map among the regions of reality, localities which appear so much more correctly to belong to the dreamland of chimaera.

Since the above was written my friend Professor Douglas has shown me the title of a Japanese book of "Drawings of the various kinds of the Keih Plant (a kind of *Chrysanthemum Indicum*) of Foo-sang," in which the latter name stands for Japan itself.

R. H. MAJOR.

MESSRS. ROUTLEDGE are bringing out a new edition of Ormerod's *History of Cheshire*, edited by Mr. Thomas Helsby, of Lincoln's Inn. It will be complete in about fifteen quarterly parts, of which the first has just appeared.

Calendar of the State Papers relating to Ireland, 1608-1610. Edited by the Rev. C. W. Russell, D.D., and J. P. Prendergast, Esq. Rolls Series. (London: Longmans & Co., 1874.)

IRISH history at the beginning of the seventeenth century stands in some respects nearer to our own times than English or French history of the same period. Many years ago when I was attempting to understand the disturbances preceding the colonisation of Ulster, I found the greatest help in a Parliamentary Blue Book relating to certain troubles by which the native population of New Zealand was at that time agitated, while at the present day it is difficult to read about the flight of Tyrone without thinking of that unwieldy name which even South Africans do not always succeed in pronouncing without a slip—Langalibalele.

The work of Dr. Russell and Mr. Prendergast, therefore, ought to be studied by all who wish to know what light history has to throw on the relations between an English government and tribes in a lower stage of civilisation. For those who take a more directly historical interest in its subject, it has a special attraction of a different kind. In his preface to the last volume of the *Calendar of the Carew Papers*, Mr. Brewer said hard things of the Irish chiefs, represented them as thoroughly lawless, and spoke of the colonisation of Ulster as a beneficent measure to the Irish themselves, arguing that their removal from their old homes was a measure of precaution which left them better off than they were before. Such a view, coming from one who writes from the English side of the question, can evidently only be finally accepted after it has been sifted by competent enquirers, and the editors of the present volume may be expected to tell us if they have anything to say against it.

Unluckily calendars, like serial novels, have a habit of breaking off at the most interesting point, and though this volume gives us the preparations for the colonisation we must wait for another before we know whether the editors agree with Mr. Brewer about the improvement in the condition of the natives. In the meanwhile we have only to thank them heartily for what we have got.

With respect to the condition of Ulster in native hands Dr. Russell and Mr. Prendergast are entirely at one with Mr. Brewer. The chiefs had surrendered their lands to Elizabeth, and had received re-grants securing their possession. But the rest of the inhabitants were entirely disregarded.

"The direct result was, that in each country so re-granted but one single freeholder was created, all the rest being 'tenants-at-will, or rather tenants in villenage.' In all the State papers of the period the system is represented as resulting for the tenants in the most painful uncertainty of tenure and great social insecurity and discontent."

Such an unlimited power constituted a strong political danger to the English government, and the desire of ameliorating the lot of the weak and helpless combined with alarm at the consequences of a system which "placed the whole power of the com-

munity unreservedly in their chief's hands for all services whether of war or of peace," to make it desirous to raise the condition of the tribesmen at the expense of that of the chiefs. While such a state of opinion existed at Dublin, it is not necessary to seek far for the cause of the flight of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnel. The Government knew that the rebellion of men whose power it was desirous of weakening was by no means unlikely. The earls knew that it was by no means unlikely that they would be suspected of rebellion whether they rebelled or not. The Langalibaleles of the seventeenth century fled to a foreign land, and the Government, whether legally or not it is difficult to say, obtained a conviction for treason, and declared six counties of Ulster to be forfeited to the Crown.

The sketch given by the editors of the difficulties in the way of a new settlement is alike lucid and impartial. In view of all that has been said since, they have done well to print in full the advice given by Sir Arthur Chichester, one of the ablest of the Viceroy's who have ruled in Ireland:—

"If His Majesty," he wrote, immediately on the flight of the earls, "will assume the countries into his possession, divide the lands among the inhabitants—to every man of note or good desert so much as he can conveniently stock and manure by himself and his tenants and followers, and so much more as by conjecture he shall be able to stock and manure for five years to come—and will bestow the rest upon servitors and men of worth here, and withal bring in colonies of civil people of England and Scotland at His Majesty's pleasure, with condition to build castles and stone houses upon their lands."

If this be done and other measures of defence taken, then

"the country will ever after be happily settled; there will be no need to spend their revenues in the reducing and defence of this realm from time to time, as has been customary for many hundred years heretofore."

This was what Chichester would have preferred. If it was not done, there was nothing for it but to treat the natives as enemies and drive them clean out of the country.

Let us see now what it is that Chichester's plan means. The main difference between the seventeenth and the nineteenth centuries—which, by the way, is a point on which the editors might have touched with advantage—is that the English Government then had no standing army, and had a standing deficit in the Exchequer. To accomplish the work which Chichester contemplated he needed to be strong as well as just. He could not send to the Horse Guards for a regiment or two to be shipped for Dublin. English and Scotch colonists were the only force upon which he could rely.

But if colonists there were to be, were the natives to have the first choice of the soil or not? Chichester, in effect, boldly said "Yes. Treat them as if they were at home. Give them as much as they can really cultivate, and then find room for the colonists." We cannot say whether the plan would have succeeded. But we can safely say that a proposal so generous deserved to succeed.

How far the natives were actually ill-treated in the distribution of land is a point which must be left till the next volume appears to clear up the difficulties of the

subject. But even this volume brings into light a side of the question which is but too likely to be disregarded by English investigators. When Chichester reached Cavan he published a proclamation commanding the natives to withdraw from the lands allotted to servitors immediately—

"Up rose a lawyer of the Pale, retained by them, and endeavoured to maintain that they had estates of inheritance in their possession which were not forfeited by the attainder of their chiefs. He asked two things; first, that they might be permitted to prove this: secondly, that they might have the benefit of the King's proclamation, promising protection for their persons, land, and goods, made about five years before."

The legal point was answered by Sir John Davis, who said that the King was now their chief; "that, as they were mere villains under their lords, they were removable at their will; that the King, therefore, might dispose of the lands as he had done."

The comment of the editors on this is worthy of attention:—

"The inhabitants," they say, "having no estates, were not admitted to traverse the office. But it is plain from the papers of the period that, if admitted, their plea would have been: first, that whatever might be the powers of their chiefs, no such transplantation had been ever attempted by them; second, that the several families and septs had well-known territories, where the principal men had fixed seats and the poorer families fed their herds in common; third, that often as their chiefs had been attainted before, no such measures had ever been employed," etc.

In short, the English Government, like English governments since, dealt simply with that which it could see. Practically the chief was everything and the sept was nothing, just as practically Achilles or Agamemnon was everything and the Myrmidons or Argives who attended the Agora were nothing. But deep in the conscience of the Irish people, as it was deep in the conscience of the Greek people, was the belief that the sept was rightfully everything and that the chief was merely its executive head. The land was the land of the sept, and in driving Irishmen off the land, on which they had been settled for ages, a feeling of suffering from high-handed injustice was created, of which the English Government, looking at outward appearance alone, had no conception.

Whether the grievance was a practical one as well as a sentimental one; whether, in short, individual Irishmen were better off or worse off than before the new settlement was effected, is, as I have already said, a question which it would be rash to answer till another volume of the Calendar is in our hands. But it is perhaps allowable so far to anticipate the work which lies before the editors, as to point out that in the subsequent plantations which were effected under Chichester's successor St. John, Chichester's plan was adopted, at least in theory. The natives were to be first provided for. The colonists had to be satisfied with the land which remained unallotted. Unfortunately, the weak and inefficient Government of Falkland followed too quickly, and everything was again thrown into confusion.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

My Private Diary during the Siege of Paris.
By the late Felix M. Whitehurst. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1875.)

THE late Mr. Felix Whitehurst enjoyed a rather enviable position under the Second Empire. Newspaper correspondents had become a privileged band at the time when he undertook to enlighten the readers of a daily contemporary as to the political aims of Caesar and the theatrical successes of Offenbach; and Mr. Whitehurst was a correspondent of an advanced and popular type. He knew the advantages of his situation, and was not hindered by any natural shyness in using them to the utmost. He was familiar with those "special sources of information" that sound so well in press telegrams; he had "best authorities" at his beck; and there were very few ministerial antechambers or parliamentary lobbies into which he had not penetrated. Where angels and secretaries of embassy feared to tread Mr. Whitehurst was at home, serene and confident. In addition to this Mr. Whitehurst was brilliantly conspicuous in general society, and as he was one of the first to disperse the Olympian cloud that is supposed to envelope the English journalist (some writers are modest enough to say for the benefit of the English press) the result was a public situation that should have commanded a good deal of influence and many exceptional opportunities of getting at the heart of the new Paris and the new Empire. Of such occasions, however, Mr. Whitehurst seems seldom to have availed himself. His writings do not show him to have been troubled with excessive reserve or over-squeamish delicacy; therefore we must suppose that he could not see; that he liked the surface and had no care to go to the core, loved well the myriad uniforms—that were mostly liveries—of the gorgeous era, and never thought about the men. And this was one of the reasons of Mr. Whitehurst's popularity. Other writers preached, moralised, dissected; he chose to be simply the "peintre des fêtes galantes" of the Empire. Others might discuss the attitude of the clergy during the last years of Napoleon's rule; Mr. Whitehurst was content to record that the colour of Mme. de Metternich's dress was *Bismarck en colère*, and that Mme. de Gallifet looked "charming as ever" at the Grand Prix. He possessed an easy, familiar, and rather vulgar style that was just adapted for conveying information of this importance, and that doubtless did much to bring the average English mind to its present peculiar familiarity with the trivialities of Parisian life. It introduced us to the *Femme à Barbe*, and taught us what was *chic* and not *chic*.

That happy colloquial manner, that urbane condescension to slang, that rendered Mr. Whitehurst's correspondence a thing apart, a flower in the desert of dry political discussions and parliamentary reports, is just as visible in the present volumes as in the light articles that charmed us ten years ago. There is still the same profusion of very small jokes with a pseudo Artemus Ward flavour, the same cheap philosophy of a degenerate Epicurean order, the same political silliness, the same personal bravado

—all the old fascinations of our own correspondent. The diarist is as jaunty on September 4 as he used to be on August 15. "Poor Emperor, poor Empress, poor Prince! —poor fickle frivolous French people!" —that is the small sacrifice to sentiment; and then the writer resumes his light-hearted babble of Vachette's *menus* and the *galettes* the sovereign people were shamefully eating at Montmartre. Nothing appears to have seriously affected the diarist's flow of good spirits. He was momentarily dejected at times about a spy whom the crowd was haling to the river (because the spy was so "evidently a gentleman!"); he was occasionally concerned about the fate of notorious racers and the carriage horses of his acquaintances, and consistently refused to eat horse-flesh at the bitterest period of the beleaguement. But as a rule our own correspondent viewed and discussed the woes of his beloved capital with a gay cynicism that must have been hard to keep up on small rations of black bread and mouldy rice. It is this enviable spirit that renders the Diary a not unamusing production. One becomes interested in the cheerful sceptic who knew so many Duchesses de X. and Marquises de M., and possessed such a store of jocular quotations from the Eton Grammar and popular song-books. There is a certain subdued interest in the study of a man who could live out such a period and write such a book about it. The superficial intelligence which, like that of Mr. Whitehurst, would see but the futile incidents and outward features of the siege, is not generally able to record its view in two volumes. And it is fortunate for future historians that this is so.

Mr. Whitehurst appears to have possessed only the most elementary knowledge of the politics and military movements of the siege. We have said that he had exceptional chances of obtaining information. He was constantly asserting himself as the personal friend of the Emperor; he was intimate with many functionaries of the fallen Empire who, it is well known, managed to retain a sort of semi-official position behind the newly-appointed Republican Administration; and yet the Private Diary is scarcely ever accurate except when it gives extracts from public prints, or the tariffs of siege provisions. This is the way in which the diarist describes the last memorable week of August, 1870:—"Monday, August 29: During the past week no great events. French and Prussians seem to be fighting drawn battles, with terrific loss on both sides." And this was the week during which the disastrous march on Montmédy was executed, when it was resolved to succour Bazaine instead of falling back on Paris, when Wimpfen replaced Faily—the week, in fact, that prepared Sedan. After Sedan, on September 2, the Diary simply announces that "accounts are very fishy," and the subsequent story of the pacific revolution is wrong in nearly every particular. Mr. Whitehurst described September 4, like many simple-minded partisans, as a *coup d'état* in the face of the enemy. He could not see that the Empire had collapsed, the Empress-Regent having virtually abdicated by persistently refusing to take any action whatever. He knew nothing of the resolutions arrived at by the

Left and Left Centre, which were to ask the Chamber to appoint a Committee of Defence and to abstain from founding a Republic on the basis of national defeat. Neither does he appear to have heard of the dangers that threatened the Republican party; of the formal proposition to arrest the minority in their houses on December 2; of M. de Casagnac's application for fifty gendarmes, with whom he engaged to "get rid of *ces brailleurs là*;" and other schemes of a like nature. The majority was too feeble and too terror-stricken to profit by the reluctance of the Left to take office at such a crisis. When M. Jules Favre proposed the deposition of Napoleon III., not a Minister rose to answer or protest. There were veritably "vacances de pouvoir," as M. Thiers said; and when the populace invaded the Chamber, Jules Favre and Gambetta were carried to the Hôtel de Ville by the flood and forced to form a Government. There was nobody to contest their right in that Paris which, says Mr. Whitehurst, with the exception of a small section, had "professed allegiance to the Emperor for eighteen years."

The account of the October insurrection—that first overt symptom of the Commune—is equally inexact. Mr. Whitehurst quarrels with the Trochu administration at every page, but he will not allow the working-classes to manifest discontent on their side. The delegates of the twenty arrondissements demanded that all provisions should be rationed, that sorties should be multiplied, a general requisition, an attack *en masse*, and the installation of the Municipality as supreme power. Nearly all these demands were justifiable, Mr. Whitehurst allows, for his Diary is one long plea against the maladministration of the Trochu Cabinet; but when they are made in the name of a large section of the Paris population, he hints broadly at summary execution. But the politician who announced that he had always been convinced that M. Gambetta was a firm Orleanist should not be restricted in the exercise of his Oriental imagination or required to prove the commonplace virtue of consistency. He is a poet among war-correspondents. For the rest, whoever is interested in the bills of fare of the siege may consult the Private Diary in all confidence. It is a prolix and a willing guide. It is eloquent on the subject of mule cutlets and rats à la mayonnaise. It is full of curious menus, and stories of how the author shared handfuls of eschalots with noble duchesses. It is not very accurate in orthography; but even if you call a *filet Châteaubriand* a *filet château brillant*, it is always a filet. And Mr. Whitehurst was sure to know more of the steak than of the poet.

EVELYN JERROLD.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN and Co. have in the press an "Ecclesiastical History of Ireland," from the earliest date up to the present time, compiled by W. D. Killen, D.D., President of the General Assembly, Theological College, Belfast. The work, which will be exhaustive so far as concerns the chequered history of the Irish Church, will also throw much light on the social features of the various periods treated. It will be in two volumes octavo, and may be expected in the autumn.

NEW NOVELS.

A Wife's Story. By the Author of "Caste." In Three Volumes. (London: Hurst & Blackett, 1875.)

Dulcie. By Lois Ludlow. In Three Volumes. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1875.)

A Silent Witness. By Edmund Yates. In Three Volumes. (London: Tinsley Brothers, 1875.)

Scarscliff Rocks. By E. S. Maine. In Three Volumes. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

A Losing Hazard. By Courteney Grant. In Two Volumes. (London: Bentley & Son, 1875.)

Miss Angel. By Miss Thackeray. (London: Smith, Elder & Co., 1875.)

ALTHOUGH Charles Dickens bears no likeness to any other English writer of fiction, yet he did succeed in founding a school of novelists, resembling himself only in two particulars, a love for the grotesque side of every-day life, and an imperfect grasp of pure style. The minor stories which appeared in *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* under his management bore the strongest possible similarity to each other, and seemed as though they were turned out with machinery by contract. Many of them have since been collected and reprinted by their several authors, and it may safely be declared that in scarcely one instance, were three or four tales by one writer transferred to the volumes of another, would the acutest reader have been sensible of any change in conception, in treatment, or in language; and it may even reasonably be doubted whether the authors themselves could identify their own property apart from inspection of the manuscripts. There are, however, a few signal exceptions, and one of them is the collection of tales named from its longest piece, "A Wife's Story." These sketches have all, with two exceptions, a considerable individuality and power of the same kind as that which made Mrs. Archer Clive famous for her *Paul Ferroll*, and Mr. Dickens, three of whose letters to the writer are embodied in the preface, was quite justified in recognising something in them far above the usual level of magazine writing, although his usual fault of employing exaggerated language obliges us to discount his strong terms of admiration. The tales are not, with the two exceptions before adverted to, on pleasant themes, and are, in fact, designed as studies of two types of women, the one fierce, undisciplined, and jealous; the other weak and almost crushed to the ground by misfortune, yet endowed with some faculty of resistance. Thus, the second tale, "My First and Last Novel" is in truth, if not exactly a watercolour sketch for the oils of the principal story, yet such a related essay as Charlotte Brontë's *Professor* is to her *Villette*; while a parallel connexion may be traced between "Daisy's Trials" and "I do not Love You," the concluding stories of the third volume. "Gurtha" is, on the whole, the best sketch in the collection, as it depends more on skilful delineation of character than on striking incident, but Mr. Dickens's judgment will probably be that of most readers. Within the author's peculiar range, there is only one failure to realise the picture in her mind, that of the

fast young lady in "Daisy's Trials." The mistake here is that Myrrha Brown is made to speak English which is much too good, pure, and cultured to be in keeping with her character. A girl such as she is depicted would not only be less choice in the selection of words, but would largely interlard her prattle with slang, half from defiance and half from bad training. The two exceptions already referred to are mild idyllic stories of the well-known *Household Words* type, and are so far welcome that they give some relief to what is, on the whole, a morbid, though very clever series.

If Myrrha Brown fail from being too refined in diction, no such charge can be brought against the lady who calls herself Lois Ludlow, whose *Dulcie*, in itself a tolerable little story, which might have been judiciously compressed into one volume, is disfigured by attempts at being mannish after the fashion of some of Major Whyte Melville's novels, and by striving to reproduce what the author conjectures to be the usual style of men's talk with one another. It is not, perhaps, being unduly squeamish and fastidious to say that a lady's book is not improved by turns of expression such as "funk like blazes;" and it is certainly within a reviewer's province to point out that the shades of tone and manner in conversations ought to be more artistically marked than by mere stage directions, consisting for the most part of adverbs on the loose without any context. The book is not objectionable nor fast in tone, but it is slangy in diction and crude in idea, without much promise of strength to come.

Mr. Edmund Yates does not aim very high as a novelist. He makes no pretensions to instruct or elevate, and seeks merely to amuse his readers, and that by forcible incident and broad drawing rather than by delicacy of manipulation. And he has his reward, for he is one of the writers whose works are not laid peacefully to rest at the end of the season, but undergo metempsychosis into the ranks of railway literature, with a regularity which shows that he understands his public.

A Silent Witness differs in no essential particular from his other novels, and derives its whole interest from two or three strong situations, somewhat roughly, but not unskilfully, dashed in with a coarse brush. Two murders early in the first volume, one completed and one attempted bigamy in the second, with a fatal accident and a suicide in the third, are, on the whole, a sufficient modicum of stimulant for readers who like a drastic style of fiction, and no doubt Mr. Yates is wise in his generation. But it is a great relief to slower people of a somewhat foggy turn, to take up Jane Austen or George Eliot after an experience of the kind. It is like coming back to a comfortable library after taking the children to a circus, or looking at a Hobbema or a Ruysdael after a display of cheap fireworks. But that is just because one is a foggy. At any rate, Mr. Yates can tell his story, such as it is, straight off, without prosing or meandering; and if he could be persuaded not to write "different to" and "frightened of," his English would be very tolerable.

Scarscliff Rocks is a story of considerable

merit, and marks real progress since the author's previous book. There are two localities in which the plot is worked out—a small fishing village on the north-east coast of England and a New Zealand station. The second of these appears to have been drawn from books alone, as it lacks the colour and detail with which the former is painted. The most salient merit of the book is in the carefully studied contrast of the two chief female characters, which are both well conceived and elaborated; but a careful reader will give the preference to another pair, although mere outline sketches in comparison, namely, Mr. Eliot, the rector of the dull village, and his elder daughter, whose grey, patient, and not very useful lives are very subtly treated; and in particular there is much insight in attributing the clergyman's lack of influence and sympathy to the fact of his having, together with a keen sense of the gulf between moral right and wrong, uneasy hidden doubts as to the basis of his creed; whereas his daughter Gertrude, like him in much else, has no such misgivings. If this feature had been brought into greater prominence, instead of being just suggested, and no more, the sketch would have lost much of its delicacy and power, which qualities depend on the very indistinctness purposely given to it. The plot, not quite a new one, has been skilfully handled, and not overwrought, as it might readily have been. As regards some of the details, the dialect and idioms do not ring quite true. They are not Northern English, but Lowland Scotch, between which cognate speeches there are linguistic differences familiar to scholars. And there is a more serious mistake of the kind in the wording of a letter by a Scotch peasant woman, which plays an important part in the story. This letter does not merely contain Scotticisms of expression, but the words are spelt as English persons write the pronunciation of Scotchmen. Now, those who are familiar with the half-educated, know that they have the greatest possible difficulty in reading books phonetically spelt. They know, for instance, that the vocable which they pronounce "thocht" is printed in their spelling-book as "thought." Consequently, when they see "thocht" in print, it is a perfectly strange thing to them, and they attach no idea to it. If some better instructed person explain its meaning, they take offence, regarding the new spelling as intended to ridicule them, and to find fault with their mode of speech, and consequently, a real letter written by a person who speaks a local dialect will be rendered in the ordinary book-language, so far as he knows it, and the spelling, where it differs from the standard of the national school, will be incorrect from ignorance, and not, as in *Scarscliff Rocks*, correct according to the conventional rules for writing dialect. Just test a Dorsetshire national-school child with Mr. Barnes' poems, and see what will come of it.

In *A Losing Hazard* Mr. Courteney Grant has broken new ground, almost un essayed by English novelists, by placing his scene in Holland, around the works of a new dyke and harbour. There is not, however, a great deal of local colour or detail; and as a large part of his company consists of English people

employed on the works, and the remainder of Dutch people connected with them, there is only just enough foreign admixture to impart a little variety to the book. He has improved since his last novel, for this one has a definite plot and some boldness of conception, though scarcely enough ease and finish in execution. Slightly melodramatic in character, and having a buried hoard of jewels as its central point, it is more akin in idea to one of M. Paul Féval's plots than to the ordinary run of English stories. But there is not, as has been implied above, the finish a French artist would have given. One episode leaves a thread hanging, and is not wrought, as it should be, into the web; and the incident of the woman—a well-drawn character—who steals a blue diamond from the works at Amsterdam is out of keeping with her secretive temperament. She is represented, in her passion for jewels, as getting her booty set that very day, and wearing it at a public ball that same evening, where it attracts general attention, followed by immediate detection. The instinct of such a woman, if she were not actually so insane as to ensure her acquittal on that ground, would be to hide her prize till the search had been abandoned, and not to wear it till she was safe out of the country unsuspected. The book, even with these drawbacks and that of a certain jerkiness in style, is a marked advance on *Little Lady Lorraine*, the author's previous novel; and there seems the prospect of capacity for further improvement in a future attempt.

Miss Thackeray has put herself at some disadvantage with her more cultured readers by choosing for her latest book a story so well known to them as that of Angelica Kauffman. However, such readers are in a very small minority, and to the great majority of those who have seen *Miss Angel* in the *Cornhill Magazine*, or in its separate form, the narrative will be as fresh as though the charming heroine were the creation of the author's pen, instead of a drawing from life. The date of the story, a very few years earlier than that of the *Virginians*, necessarily provokes comparison of the daughter's power of delineating a past era with the father's, and allowing for their unlike point of view, there is less interval than might have been looked for. Nevertheless, Miss Thackeray has, in the one particular of conveying to her readers the peculiar aroma of the eighteenth century, been surpassed by another lady, who writes under a pen-name, and some of whose sketches, notably *Squire Bolton's Transgression*, call up the temper of that time more forcibly. But in grace and delicacy of workmanship, and the indication of character by suggestive touches, Miss Thackeray is the superior; and although the conditions of her present story do not enable her to exhibit these qualities so clearly as in the *Village on the Cliff* and *Old Kensington*, nevertheless her readers can never be unconscious of their existence throughout. One caution she does seem to need. Her adapted fairy tales show that she possesses the gift of quiet humour, and that she can be cheerful, and even merry, on occasion. But there is a recurrent plaintiveness of tone, exactly the same in key, though varying in expression,

running throughout all her principal writings, and very noticeable even in the collection of short papers she has lately issued. This is becoming an artistic fault of mannerism. It may, no doubt, represent a particular mood of the author's mind; but that which would be entirely in place were she an essayist, and bent on taking the public into her personal confidence, and thus biographically valuable, detracts from the merit of fiction, because interfering seriously with variety of treatment. Her characters, at best, resign themselves to be contented in a twilight fashion, and invariably find that their dolls are stuffed with sawdust. There are other and healthier views of life and affection of which she is quite able to give sketches to the world, and a little more sunshine would marvellously improve her pictures.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Bossuet and his Contemporaries. By the Author of "Life of S. Francis of Sales," &c. (Rivingsons.) Within its limits this is a really admirable compilation; it is clear, complete, pleasant, everything but thorough; for that the writer is too conventional and perhaps too respectful. Her view of Gallicanism reminds one of the reformers who thought that the Witenagemot constituted an indefeasible prescription in favour of parliamentary government and universal suffrage, and she describes Bossuet's conflict with "probabilism" in a way which shows she has never found out that "probabilism" is simply a hard name for a view that everybody holds now, that a man who thinks he has a right to do a thing which he knows to be questionable, and wants to do it, must be allowed to do it if the thing be only questionable. On the other hand, she is duly severe on Bossuet's persecution of Fénelon, and though she does not dwell on the matter, she shows us candidly in what a horribly business-like way Bossuet presided over the retirement of Louise de la Vallière, and that as a director he had very little idea of doing anything but keeping his penitents quiet and out of mischief. The last point suggests the reflection that the gloomy sublimity of his pulpit eloquence had little religious value: he made people serious and uncomfortable, but as he sent them back to the duties which they recognised before, those of his hearers were most fortunate whom he left in cheerful impenitence like M^{me}. de Sévigné.

The Narcissus, its History and Culture. By F. W. Burbidge. (Reeve & Co.) The genus *Narcissus* is one of the most delightful of the old-fashioned kinds of spring flowers now happily again coming into fashion. The handsome volume which Mr. Burbidge has devoted to it deserves no small commendation. His book is a vertebrate book—that is to say, it was undertaken with a distinct purpose and meaning which has been well carried out. Books about plants, especially illustrated books, are too often utterly destitute of any sort of backbone of either utility or interest. They are survivors of a class which fulfilled their destiny as the futile ornaments of the drawing-room table. There is something especially disappointing about productions of such a kind. Illustrated books imply the expenditure of much pains and much money; it is impossible to avoid vexation when both are seen to be wasted. At the hands of Mr. Burbidge neither have been so. In forty-eight plates he has given us portraits of the species of *Narcissus* and of their most notable cultivated forms. If not perhaps as yet in the first rank of contemporary botanical artists, Mr. Burbidge always works with care, and his drawings are free from formality. Then he has had recourse for the more technical part of his book to Mr. Baker, the able assistant keeper of the Kew

Herbarium, who has made an especial study of this genus. The two together have produced a book in every way creditable to themselves and the publisher. All persons who take an intelligent interest in the open air cultivation of herbaceous plants will find it quite indispensable in studying the garden kinds of Narcissus. It is to be hoped that similar volumes may be devoted to Crocus and Iris. These, if treated in an attractive and popular manner, controlled by technical scientific knowledge, will be most useful, although without it they will be worse than useless.

The Golden Guide to London (Sampson Low, Marston, Low & Searle) is just the book to give to one who wishes for a "picture in little" of what Cowper calls "the fairest capital of all the world." It will also please the old Londoner, to whom a feeling of pride in the outward appearance of his home is quite a new sensation. So many improvements have been carried out of late years, that London is fast becoming a handsome city, which it was not in Cowper's day, and this little book does justice to these changes. The engravings, with the exception of a few which formerly appeared in Weale's *Handbook to London*, are fresh, and taken from good points, as the Thames Embankment, and the view of the Foreign Office from St. James's Park; Charing Cross is not so successful as the others. The wants of the visitor seem to be thoroughly understood by the author, and the matter supplied is practically useful, with just such a dash of historical information as "he who runs may read." The *Guide* is not a mere compilation, for the various places have evidently been visited in order that the descriptions may be accurate. The mention of the Regent's Park explosion, and the appearance of the Mirror in the list of theatres, proves that the information is well posted up. It is next to impossible to treat a large subject in a small space without falling into some mistakes: and we have noticed a few, but they are not of much importance. One misprint, however, is amusing. The writer is describing St. Bride's Church, and says that the east window is "a copy by Moss of Mr. Rubens' *Descent from the Cross*." EDITOR.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Jonas Fisher: A Poem in brown and white, is the title of a work now in the press, which we are informed on good authority will carry great weight, not only on account of its subject and the treatment thereof, but also on account of the high rank of the author.

SURGEON-MAJOR H. W. BELLEW, of the Bengal Staff Corps, is engaged on a narrative of the Journey of the Embassy to Kashghar in 1873-1874, of which he was a member. The work will appear under the title of *Kashmir and Kashghar*.

PROFESSOR ROBERT K. DOUGLAS is preparing for early publication his two lectures on the Chinese Language and Literature delivered before the Royal Institution.

CHINESE scholars will be glad to be informed that Mr. Edkins is now printing his *Introduction to the Study of the Chinese Characters*. The work will appear in a royal octavo volume of about 200 pages before Mr. Edkins's impending departure to China.

MR. EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A. Oxford, formerly Principal of the Poona College and Fellow of the University of Bombay, is preparing for early publication his translation of the *Gita Govinda* from the Sanskrit of Jayadeva into English verse. We believe that this is the first attempt made to introduce this beautiful pastoral to the English public.

A PENDANT to the itineraries of European travellers to China in the thirteenth century, as Carpini, Marco Polo, &c., by Dr. Bretschneider, of Peking, has just appeared at Shanghai under the title of *Notes on Chinese Mediaeval Travellers to*

the West. Dr. Bretschneider produces reports of four Chinese, who, in the thirteenth century, travelled through Central Asia to Persia, giving an English translation of the original text, with many explanatory notes.

It is well known that one of the oldest and most difficult languages of Persia—the Pehlvi—has now become nearly extinct. Several works on religion and science were written in this language in former times by learned Zoroastrian Dastoor and other literary persons. Lately a desire for the study of this language has been shown by several students in Europe and in India. The great drawbacks for accomplishing this desire were hitherto the want of a dictionary and a grammar. The latter has been supplied by Mr. Dhunjeebhoy Framjee Patel, Dr. Spiegel, and others. No one has yet attempted the preparation of the former. As the Parsee religious works are written in this language, the Dastoor Jamaspjee Minocherjee has considered it one of his duties to undertake this task, and has consequently compiled a Pehlvi, Gujaratee and English Dictionary. It is proposed to issue the work in four volumes, each volume containing about 200 to 250 pages, royal octavo size.

THE REV. K. M. BANERJEE, of Calcutta, is engaged on a tentative edition of a small portion of the *Rig-Veda* (the first thirty-two hymns), with explanatory notes and a grammatical analysis. The work will appear in October next, and will be published by Trübner and Co.

MR. BANERJEE is also engaged on a work which will be entitled *The Aryan Witness*, which will contain the testimony that may be collected from the Vedas and the Zend Avesta in correction of biblical sacred history, and on the fundamental principles of the Christian religion.

At the meeting of the Council of Owens College, held on Friday last, Mr. Alfred Hopkinson, B.A. (Lond. and Oxon.) was elected to the professorship of Jurisprudence and Law, vacant by the resignation of Dr. Bryce. Mr. Hopkinson, who is an associate of Owens College, after a successful career in the College, proceeded to Oxford, where he gained a Second Class in the Classical School in 1872, and a First Class in the Law School in 1873. Mr. Hopkinson was elected Stowell (Law) Fellow of University College in 1873, and Vinerian Scholar in 1875.

DR. PUSEY has been ordered absolute rest for a few weeks, and his letter on *The Present Crisis in the Irish Church* is necessarily postponed.

DR. VON SYBEL of Bonn has been appointed Director of the Prussian State Archives at Berlin.

M. PAUL MEYER writes to us that we were in error in announcing that he has been elected to a professorship at the Collège de France, as the election does not take place till December next, and he has "no reason to believe that he has a greater chance of being elected than many other scholars whose merits may be considered, and certainly are, superior to his."

THE Abbé Michaud's new work, *De l'Etat Présent de l'Eglise Catholique-Romaine en France*, has been interdicted by the French Government.

VICTOR HUGO's new work, *Avant l'Exil*, has just been published. It forms the first volume of a series entitled "Actes et Paroles," and will be succeeded by two other volumes, *Pendant l'Exil* and *Depuis l'Exil*. *Avant l'Exil* contains all M. Hugo's speeches delivered between 1841 and 1851, with indications of his acts in connexion with them. The second volume, *Pendant l'Exil*, is to contain all his speeches from December 2, 1851, which drove him from France, to September 4, 1870, which enabled him to return. *Depuis l'Exil* will give us his speeches from his return to France to the present day; so that the three volumes will furnish a complete summary of the whole of Victor Hugo's public life. The first volume, just

published by Messrs. Michel Lévy Frères, is prefaced by a brief introduction, entitled "*Le Droit et la Loi*."

MR. HENRY SWEET has printed all the prose texts for his *Anglo-Saxon Reader* for the Clarendon Press Series. The poetical ones will be done in another month.

ALEXANDRA COLLEGE, Dublin, which has done much good in women's education for the last nine years, is trying to raise 10,000*l.* to enlarge its buildings and grounds. Part of the money has already been given, and part raised by debentures, but more donations and more loans are needed to enable the Council to carry out their plans. Mrs. Jellicoe, to whose untiring exertions the success of the College is so largely due, will be glad to answer any applications addressed to her at the College.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. Chatto and Windus have resolved to publish another play of Mr. Richard Simpson's series, "*The School of Shakspeare*," which was so warmly commended by Mr. Swinburne in his *Fortnightly* article on the succession of Shakspeare's plays. The same publishers are also reproducing by photo-lithography a very handy-sized copy of the First Folio of Shakspeare's Dramatic Works, 1623, to sell for about 7*s.* 6*d.* If only the acts, scenes, and lines could be marked in the margin, we should have in this reprint a really workable edition of the Folio. Without these helps all copies are troublesome to use.

WE understand that a translation by Mrs. Arthur Arnold of Señor Castelar's *Life of Byron* will appear very shortly. Mrs. Arnold is already known as the successful translator of a work by the same author which was published two years ago by Tinsley under the title of *Old Rome and New Italy*.

MR. ALFRED RIMMER, of Chester, has been preparing, in conjunction with Dean Howson, an interesting work on the Old Streets and Homesteads of England. It will be profusely illustrated by examples collected from all the counties, drawn on wood by Mr. Rimmer, and engraved by Mr. J. D. Cooper, and will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Macmillan and Co.

MR. W. C. HAZLITT's "*Shakespeare's Library*," a Collection of all the known Plays, Novels, Tales, and other Articles which the great Poet is supposed to have employed in the Composition of his Works," is expected to be out next week. It will be in six volumes foolscap octavo, and will contain revised texts of all the plays in Nichols's old collection, and the novels, tales, and poems in Rodd's, to which Mr. J. P. Collier wrote introductions, besides several later additions, and notes. Among the more important additions are the lives from North's *Plutarch* used in Shakspeare's classical plays, the histories of Lear and Macbeth from Holinshed, Twine's *Patterne of Painfull Adventures* (for *Pericles*), &c. It will be the most nearly complete book of the kind ever published, and a great convenience to Shakspeare students.

AMONG the latest minor acquisitions of the Bodleian Library is a small pamphlet, quite forgotten in our days and mentioned neither in catalogues nor in biographical books, with the title, *Sunday under three Heads:—as it is; as Sabbath Bells would make it; as it might be made*, by Timothy Sparks (London: Chapman & Hall, 186 Strand, 1836). A bibliophile has written in pencil on the title-page "(Chas. Dickens)?" The four illustrations are signed "H. K. B." (Hablot Knight Browne), the illustrator of *Pickwick*. The style has, no doubt, resemblances to that of Dickens. For instance, p. 11:—

"Look at the group of children who surround that working man who has just emerged from the baker's shop at the corner of the street with the reeking dish, in which a diminutive joint of mutton simmers above a vast heap of half-browned potatoes. How the young rogues clap their hands and dance round their father, for very joy at the prospect of the feast;

and how anxiously the youngest and chubbiest of the lot lingers on tiptoe by his side, trying to get a peep into the interior of the dish. They turn up the street, and the chubby-faced boy trots on as fast as his little legs will carry him, to herald the approach of the dinner to 'mother,' who is standing with a baby in her arms on the door-step, and who seems almost as pleased with the whole scene as the children themselves; whereupon 'baby,' not precisely understanding the importance of the business in hand, but clearly perceiving that it is something unusually lively, kicks and crows most lustily, to the unspeakable delight of all the children and both the parents."

On page 13:—

"You may tell a young woman in the employment of a large dressmaker at any time by a certain neatness of cheap finery and humble following of fashion, which pervade her whole attire; but, unfortunately, there are other tokens not to be misunderstood—the pale face with its hectic bloom, the slight distortion of form which no artifice of dress can wholly conceal, the unhealthy stoop, and the short cough—the effects of hard work and close application to a sedentary employment upon a tender frame."

On page 21:—

"The idea of making a man truly moral through the ministry of constables, and sincerely religious under the influence of penalties, is worthy of the mind which could form such a mass of monstrous absurdity as this bill is composed of."

Finally, on page 39:—

"I was travelling in the West of England a summer or two back, and was induced by the beauty of the scenery," &c.

Dickens was indeed in 1835 in Bristol and Bath (see *Forster's Life of Charles Dickens*, 9th edit., vol. i., p. 8). If those coincidences induced the owner of the book to attribute it to Dickens, could we not oppose the strong evidence of Forster's silence on the subject? Perhaps some of our correspondents may know something about the name of the *nom de plume*, T. Sparks.

In a German work of travels, published in 1753 by Uffenbach, entitled *Merkwürdige Reisen durch Niedersachsen, Holland und Engelland*, it is stated in the account given of the Bremen Library that it contained the entire library of Charles I. Cromwell, so we read, wished to make a present of it to Herr Pauw, the States Ambassador in England; but he, forbidden by his oath to accept of any gift, directly or indirectly, when on a foreign mission, was content to purchase this *Bibliotheca Regia* for the Government of Holland, at a cost of six thousand gulden. Such an expenditure was, however, much grumbled at by Pauw's superiors, though the library was considered to be well worth three times the money even at that period; and brought upon him so many annoyances and vexations that he worried himself to death under the infliction. We give the story as it stands in the pages of this voracious traveller, and confess our inability to furnish any confirmation or refutation of it.

AMONG the many prize essays at Oxford there is one which differs from the rest, in so far as it is meant, not for undergraduates or junior members of the University, but for men who must have completed three years, but not exceeded fifteen years, from their matriculation. It is the "Conington Prize," founded by friends of the late Professor Conington, and intended to be on a level with the prize essays proposed annually by the French Institute or the Berlin Academy. The subjects of these essays are generally connected with questions of the highest importance in different branches of science. They are intended to attract the attention of students to points of real interest which require elucidation, and they frequently lead to the composition of valuable treatises or books marking a solid advance in the history of different sciences. Renan's *Histoire des Langues Sémitiques*, Lenormant's *Essai sur la Propagation de l'Alphabet Phénicien*, Corssen's great work on Latin Pro-

nunciation, are more or less the result of such prizes; and it is to be hoped that the subject proposed for the next Conington Prize may produce a similar result. The subject chosen is "The Greek Dialects," and the essays are to be sent in to the Registrar of the University on or before the first Saturday in Easter Term, 1878.

The dissertation is to embrace a careful collection of the words and grammatical forms peculiar to each dialect, drawn from inscriptions, from the authors of whom writings have been preserved in the different dialects (including fragments and quotations) and from ancient grammarians and lexicographers. The comparative value of these sources is to be estimated, and the best critical editions of the authors to be used. The facts ascertained in the first part of the dissertation are to be applied to determine the question whether the Greek dialects presuppose a fully-developed Hellenic language from which they were derived in course of time, or whether the facts which they present admit of any other interpretation.

The question of dialects is at the present moment the burning question in the Science of Language, and nowhere is there more ample material for treating it than in Greek. The very name of dialect is on its trial, and the solution of the problem whether dialects presuppose a *κοινή*, or whether a *κοινή* is the outcome of original dialects, must determine in a great measure the direction of linguistic studies in the future.

THE *Oxford University Gazette* of the 8th inst. contains the Report of a Committee of Council appointed to consider the requirements of the University as amended and adopted by Council. The document is of too great a length to permit of more than an imperfect summary in these columns, but it suggests several questions of primary importance with reference to academical reorganisation. The "Requirements of the University" are divided into provision for buildings and institutions, and provision for professors and teachers. The former of these two divisions includes an estimate of 50,000*l.* for the building of the proposed new Schools, and a considerable sum for the consequent rearrangement of the structure and fittings of the Bodleian Library—expenses which may be fairly called extraordinary, and for which it is known that a capital sum has already been set apart to accumulate. All the remaining leading institutions of the University also call for considerable expenditure, either for their enlargement and renovation, or for the accommodation of new offices which recent reforms have rendered necessary. It is somewhat startling, however, to learn that the three great scientific departments (Chemistry, Biology, and Physics) make a demand for no less than 30,000*l.* for additional lecture-rooms and laboratories in connexion with the University Museum. Also, the lease of the Botanic Garden has almost expired, and whatever course may be adopted, an outlay of at least 4,000*l.* will immediately be required. It is pleasing to notice that, notwithstanding the mention of these enormous sums, the committee are of opinion that the University Chest can well take upon itself the entire expenditure, and perhaps have something to spare for the foundation of new professorships. With reference to the second head of the division mentioned above, the report of committee is not equally exhaustive or satisfactory. No attempt has been made to frame a comprehensive scheme of the deficiencies of the teaching power of the University according to the subjects to be taught, or the proportionate pressure of their want. A project is indeed brought forward for the establishment of temporary chairs and readerships, which, so far as it goes, is novel and suggestive; and careful regulations are proposed for the nomination and salaries of the holders of such appointments. The occupants of the University Museum have in this matter again obtained at least their due share of prominence. It ought to

be recollected, at least within Oxford, that scientific subjects have during the past twenty years caused a most exhausting drain upon the surplus income of the University, and that while physical science is being abundantly studied elsewhere, there are other subjects of scientific research, such as Philology in its countless branches, and History, which bid fair to be entirely neglected in this country, if not encouraged by the prestige and material support of academical endowment. It is further to be noticed with regret, that no reference is here made to the memorial of the Royal Asiatic Society for the promotion of the study of Oriental languages at Oxford. A suggestion is made in a subordinate paragraph for "the making of occasional grants to individuals for the purpose of carrying on special work in connexion with the studies or institutions of the University;" but beyond this ambiguous and meagre statement there is no recognition throughout this Report of Oxford's great deficiency—which is not want of funds, as the members of the Committee rather seem to imagine, but the absence of the spirit of original work and study, which is beyond the vision alike of the ordinary undergraduate, and of the ordinary tutor.

MR. STOKES's letter in the *Revue Celtique* some time ago, calling attention to the inaccuracies in the facsimiles of the Irish MSS. published by the Royal Irish Academy, has created some commotion in that learned body. It appears that some of the members believe the alleged errors to be no errors, and consequently the matter was referred to the Committee of Polite Literature. This last body came to the conclusion that a number of men should be appointed to collate the facsimile of the *Lebor na Huidre* with the MS., and it now appears that the latter have done their work and reported in favour of the copyists. Who these experts are we have not learnt, but we should be rather surprised to find that Mr. Stokes is so far mistaken as they seem to believe. Besides, on this question of details Mr. Stokes differs from them as to the best method of procuring the facsimiles. The Academy at present, it appears, employs a man who has just enough knowledge of Irish to lead him astray to make the tracing, and another of the same description to revise his work; but Mr. Stokes would rather have a good tracer who is altogether ignorant of Irish, and submit his work to the careful revision of the best Irish scholar to be got. The question is one of immediate importance, as money has lately been voted for this purpose by the Board of Trinity College, Dublin, with a view to defray the expense of publishing a lithographed facsimile of the Book of Leinster. What course the Academy and the Board will ultimately adopt is not yet evident: the angry feelings already aroused do not augur well for the undertaking.

THERE has just appeared at Andernach, in Rhenish Prussia, in the form of a programme of the progymnasium of that town, a most scholarly dissertation on some Gaulish names in -*acum* in Rhenish Prussia (*Ueber einige gallische Ortsnamen auf -acum in der Rheinprovinz*, von Dr. Quirin Esser). The detailed commentary which accompanies the names examined shows the author to possess a profound knowledge of Gaulish onomatology. It is well known that the Gaulish suffix -*āco*, corresponding to the Latin suffix -*āno*, denotes property or origin. This suffix has survived the disappearance of the Gaulish language, and is to be met with in a considerable number of names of places in countries originally Gaulish.

THE New Shakspeare Society has just printed Mr. E. H. Pickersgill's paper on "The Quarto and Folio of Shakspeare's *Richard III.*" This paper is an expansion of Mr. Pickersgill's remarks on Mr. Spedding's paper before the Society on the same subject, and has been made at Mr. Aldis Wright's request. Mr. Pickersgill contends that the Folio text is not a corrected copy of the Quarto; but that both

Quarto and Folio were largely altered by different correctors, from Shakspeare's own manuscript, the Quarto being the more cut down for stage purposes, while the Folio underwent the greatest changes in single words and phrases. Thus the long Folio "insertions," as they are generally called, are part of the original text—as their contexts in the Quarto prove—while the many Quarto strong and poetic words, afterwards weakened by the Folio corrector, are Shakspeare's own. Mr. Pickersgill contends that his new view best explains the great and universally acknowledged difficulties of the question.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* announces that the sale of the valuable library of the late Dr. Lötlich will begin at Marburg on July 19, on the premises of the university booksellers, Messrs. Elvert and Co. The first part of the catalogue has been published, from which it appears that the collection includes numerous Aldines and other rare editions of scarce and valuable works.

We learn through the same journal that Berthold Auerbach has given his admirers a new collection of tales, which for poetic fancy, originality and hearty geniality exceed any of his earlier compositions.

ON June 14, H. L. d'Arrest, Professor of Astronomy at the University of Copenhagen, died in that city in his fifty-third year. He was a German by birth, and studied under the famous Encke. In 1848 he became Observer in the Astronomical Observatory in Leipzig, and was called to Copenhagen to occupy a similar post at Professor Olufsen's death in 1857. He has retained it until now. D'Arrest had a European reputation; he was the discoverer of four comets and of the asteroid Freia, but his great work was the examination of the nebulae by means of spectrum analysis. It is not long since he received the large gold medal of our own Royal Society as a mark of recognition of his scientific services.

NORWAY has lost an eminently useful man in Eilert Lund Sundt, who died at his parsonage in Eidsvold on June 13. His whole life has been occupied in writing and working for the poor, and since 1850 he has been recognised by the government as the official authority on all matters concerning the amelioration of the condition of the working classes. His statistical writings are numerous and important, and he was also the author of a biography of Hans Egede, the missionary bishop of Greenland. Sundt was born at Farsund in 1817.

MR. ELIHU RICH, who died at Margate, June 11, 1875, was born October 8, 1818. The child of Swedenborgian parents, and all his life a disciple of that master, he was engaged in the first half of his literary life on important works for the Swedenborgian Society, of which he was for many years secretary. He compiled for them the *Index Arcanis*, which the late Professor Bush calls a "grand work," "an enduring monument of judgment and diligence, a noble benefaction to the Church." He also wrote for the same society the *Life of Swedenborg*. He was for twenty years the writer of Messrs. Smith and Elder's *Monthly Indian Circular*, a summary of passing events, and review of books and new inventions. He edited for the same firm several books of travels and other works. For Messrs. Griffin he was joint editor of the *Encyclopaedia of Universal Biography*. Mr. Rich translated numerous works, among them Marcy's *Travels in South America*, 2 vols., 4to, Blackie and Son. The *Manchester Examiner*, in reviewing it, spoke highly of his faithful work as translator. For Messrs. Sampson Low he did *The Bottom of the Sea*. He for a time edited the *People's Magazine*, S.P.C.K. He edited and wrote a good deal for *Vanity Fair*, during the editor's absence in France in 1870-71. He was joint editor and leader-writer for the *Broad Arrow* from its third number until his last illness. He also wrote a *Popular*

History of the Franco-German War of 1870-71, 2 vols., imperial 8vo., 1,158 pp., James Hagger. He was a contributor to many magazines and newspapers. It is expected that a very interesting paper of his on "Robert Browning's Sordello," may shortly be published. He was a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society and also of the Statistical Society. His knowledge of Indian affairs was great.

MISS ANNA BLACKWELL's translation of the late Allen Kardec's *Livre des Esprits*, of which the astonishing number of 120,000 copies has been circulated, will, we are informed, appear in a very few days.

NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THOSE readers of the ACADEMY who were interested in the account of the Giants' Cauldrons in the neighbourhood of Christiania may be glad to know that excellent examples of these most extraordinary formations exist in the more accessible locality of Lucerne. In a garden adjoining the "Lion" monument, there are sixteen in all in various stages of development, varying from the small "marmite" 1½ feet in depth, to the largest, which is sixteen feet in depth; the rounded stones, in some instances nearly spherical, the instruments of excavation, lie at the bottom of the cauldron, and consist of erratic blocks from the St. Gothard, and the Axenberg chain, and from other formations more or less distant. The form of excavation is spiral; the rock in which the "Marmites de Géants" are found affords also a good example of the action of a glacier in its polished surfaces and furrows, and its rounded forms or "roches moutonnées." Professor Feierabend, of Lucerne, directed public attention to this discovery in the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, and he has published a brochure on the subject at Lucerne, from which we learn that the spot was laid bare but two years since in digging the foundations for a house.

DR. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH, the eminent African traveller, who has been residing for some time at Riga, his birthplace, has since his return been busily engaged in arranging the extensive collections of plants and insects which he brought back to Europe. Dr. G. Schweinfurth has announced his intention of remaining for some days at Berlin on his way to Paris to attend the Geographical Congress, and sanguine hopes are entertained by many of the leading Prussian savants that he may be induced to accept a chair at the Berlin University, which, it is understood, the Imperial Government desire to offer him. In the meanwhile, the elder Dr. Schweinfurth, who has taken up his residence in Cairo, has been busily engaged in organising the newly-created Geographical Society of Egypt, to the presidency of which he has been nominated by the Khedive, to whose suggestion and support the association owes its existence. The Society was formally opened on June 3, when, in the presence of the chief local notabilities and of a large number of foreign savants and travellers, Dr. Schweinfurth delivered the inaugural address, in the course of which he drew attention to the peculiar local advantages of Cairo for becoming the focus of geographical discovery, from its position at the point of junction between the three old continents. The further meetings of the Society are postponed to October, but in the meantime Dr. Schweinfurth, whose indefatigable ardour, and whose training in the African climate make him disregard the heat, has determined to remain at Cairo through the hot season, in order that he may complete the arrangements necessary for the efficient establishment of the Society, and at the same time superintend the publication of the first number of the *Monthly Proceedings*, which he hopes to have ready by the beginning of November.

A HANDBOOK for travellers, *Palestine and Syria*, is just published by Karl Bäcker, of Leipzig.

This volume forms the first part of a travellers' guide to the East, on the same plan as the other well-known works of this publisher. The author is Dr. Albert Socin, who has resided many years in Syria, and whose last journey thither was undertaken with a view to the compilation of this book. The continuation of the work will treat, in two volumes, of Egypt and the Nile up to the second cataract, then of Greece, and finally of Constantinople, the coast of Asia Minor, and the Danube from Pesh to the Black Sea.

ON June 8 Professor Nordenskjöld's Arctic Expedition left Tromsø for Novaya Zemlya. It was conducted by Captain J. N. Isaksen, who has visited Spitzbergen for many successive years, and lately reached Novaya Zemlya itself. The expedition was to proceed straight to the southern coast of Novaya Zemlya, where it was hoped that Samoyeds would be found, and thence in an easterly direction to the mouths of the rivers Obi and Jenisei, where Professor Nordenskjöld would leave the ship and continue his voyage in boats.

AN official account of the Turkish colony of Aradis, or Road Island, recently printed, presents some features of interest. The community resembles rather a small republic than a portion of the Imperial dominions, though nominally governed by an officer of the rank of Mudir with the munificent monthly salary of 6l. 10s. There are 2,000 inhabitants, all of whom, with the exception of three families, are Moslems. They are mostly well to do, and a great air of comfort pervades their houses. Their occupation is derived entirely from the sea, the island itself being a mere rock, void of soil, three-quarters of a mile round, and incapable of production. They still preserve the skill in seafaring pursuits which made them so distinguished in past ages, and are in much request on the Syrian coast as navigators and sailors. Sponge and other fisheries are extensively practised. The comparative wealth among the islanders enables them to lay in large stores of provisions in time of plenty. Food is, therefore, always in abundance at a moderate price, while the presence of many articles of comfort and luxury in the houses shows the intercourse kept up with foreign lands.

SELECTED BOOKS.

General Literature and Art.

- ARCONATI-VISCONTI, G. *Diario di un Viaggio in Arabia*. Petrea, 1865. Torino: Bocca. L. 10.
 AUDSLEY, G. A. and J. L. Bowes. *Keramic Art of Japan*. Part I. Sotheran. 21s.
 BUCKLAND, F. *Log-Book of a Fisherman and Zoologist*. Chapman & Hall. 12s.
 DESNOIRETERRES, G. *Voltaire et la Société française au XVIII^e Siècle*. Voltaire et Genève. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.
 LEWES, G. H. *On Actors and the Art of Acting*. Smith, Elder & Co.
 MAGNUSON, Erik, and William MORRIS. *Three Northern Love Stories, and other Tales, translated from the Icelandic*. Ellis & White. 10s. 6d.
 TENNYSON, Alfred. *Queen Mary: a Drama*. Henry S. King & Co. 6s.
 RAVOCH, M. u. R. VOGEL. *Ornamente der italienischen Renaissance*. 1. Hft. Halle: Knapp. 3 M.

History.

- BOEHMER, J. F. *Regesta imperii. VIII. Die Regesten d. Kaiserreichs unter Kaiser Karl IV. 1346-1378*. Hrg. v. A. Huber. 2. Lfg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 6 M.
 CARANDINI, F. *L'Assedio di Gaeta nel 1860-61: studio storico-militare*. Torino: Bocca. L. 7.
 CHARLOTTE V. RUSSELL, die Kronprinzessin, Schwiegertochter Peters d. Grossen nach ihren noch ungedruckten Briefen 1707-1715. Bonn: Cohen. 3 M.
 MORRIS, J. *The Troubles of our Catholic Forefathers, related by themselves*. Second Series. Burns & Oates. 14s.
 SOREL, A. *Histoire diplomatique de la guerre franco-allemande*. Paris: Plon. 16 fr.

Physical Science, &c.

- DARWIN, Charles. *Insectivorous Plants*. Murray.
 DESOH. *Le paysage Morainien, son origine glaciaire et ses rapports avec les formations pliocènes d'Italie*. Neuchâtel: Sandoz. 6 M. 25 Pf.
 MONTELUIS, O. *La Suède préhistorique*. Paris: Nilsson. 7 fr. 50 c.
 PINART, A. *Voyages à la côte Nord-ouest de l'Amérique, exécutés pendant les années 1870-1872*. Vol. I. partie I. (Histoire naturelle.) Paris: Maisonneuve. 8 fr.
 ROSS, W. A. *Pyrology; or, Fire Chemistry*. Spon. 3s.

Philology.

- CHILDERS, R. C. A Pall-English Dictionary. Part II. Trübner.
- CURTIS, Principles of Greek Etymology. Vol. I. Trans. A. S. Wilkins and E. B. England. Murray. 15s.
- FAVRE, l'abbé P. Dictionnaire malais-français. Paris: Maisonneuve. 50 fr.
- GELIUS, Aulus. Die attischen Nichte. Zum ersten Male vollständig übers. u. m. Anmerkgn. versehen v. Fritz Weiss. 1. Bd. (i.—viii. Buch.) Leipzig: Fues. 8 M.
- HINRICHS, G. De Homericæ elocutionis vestigiis acolicis. Jena: Frommann. 8 M.

NEW GUINEA.

DURING the discussion of Captain Lawson's Paper at the meeting of the Anthropological Institute last Tuesday, Professor Rolleston, after expressing in the strongest terms his conviction of the fictitious nature of Captain Lawson's narrative, read the following letter from a member of the London Missionary Society, at present resident in New Guinea, and at the time of writing the letter entirely ignorant of Captain Lawson's book:—

"Port Moresby, New Guinea: March 18, 1875.

"We arrived here on December 1, and have been living among the people ever since. No other white residents are here, and we seem to be quite isolated from civilisation, for no vessels call or pass within sight of us. It is early yet for me to say much about the place or people, but I have not forgotten my promise to give you information.

"I hope before long to send you a box of such things as are most likely to interest you, but I have not much of a collection yet. In the meantime if you are in London and near our Mission House in Blomfield Street, Finsbury, you could see there a small collection from here, comprising pottery, bows and arrows, drums, hatchets, &c., sent by the Rev. Mr. Murray from Cape York.

"We were somewhat disappointed with both place and people after reading Captain Moresby's glowing description of them.

"The place is barren and unfruitful. Everything seems burnt up by the sun. The fauna, too, seems to be poor. There are no birds of paradise at all in this part of New Guinea. There are but few birds at all. I have skinned a few, which I will send you some day. The only quadrupeds are kangaroos, dogs, and pigs. The kangaroos are the same as Australian. Tree kangaroos are unknown here. The dogs are said to be indigenous, and I believe they are. They are domesticated and used by the natives for kangaroo hunting. They do not know how to bark, but they howl in chorus most hideously. Pigs look like some of the English kinds, are wild in the bush, but some are tamed and domesticated. There is also a native rat, the same as the Savage Island rat, smaller than the European.

"There are several varieties of snakes, one (a black) only of which is fatally poisonous; lizards of various kinds, and an iguana.

"I can give you a little authentic information about the people. The inhabitants of this part of New Guinea are of small physique, smaller in every way than the average South Sea Islander. The men are naked, with the exception of a piece of string with which the penis is tied up. The women wear girdles reaching to the knees. Both are tattooed, the women profusely.

"The men and boys all wear a polished stone through the septum of the nose. The women's noses are pierced, but they rarely wear anything through it. The ears of all are pierced in two, and sometimes three places, one at top and another at bottom. The men wear their hair long, the women (when married) short. Neither polygamy nor polyandry is practised, except in a few exceptional cases where a man has two wives. In colour, this people are a shade darker, perhaps, than our South Sea Islanders, but their greater exposure to the sun and no clothes will account, I think, for that. From their countenances and some of their customs I should think they belong to the same race, and that both are of Malayan origin. There are, however, several distinct races inhabiting this part of New Guinea. The race to which the Port Moresbyites belong is called Motu; there is another race, speaking a different language and differing in their customs, called Koitapu. These are a little darker in colour than the Motu, and have been driven out from the coast villages by them, so this people say, and we have other reasons for think-

ing it to be so. Inland, some forty miles at the back of the mountains are a tribe called Kotali, speaking the same language or nearly so as Koitapu. These are probably the indigenes of this part of the land. The Motu make pottery and are great fishermen, Koitapu are hunters but have no canoes and never go to the sea. Both wear nose-stones, Koitapu cook their food, as South Sea Islanders, with hot stones, but Motu boil all their food and never use the hot stones.

"To the west of this about thirty miles is another tribe or race similar in appearance to these, but speaking a different language. These are called Maiva. Beyond this are those called Elema, these are darker in colour and their language is more like Papuan than Malayan. To the east are other races, speaking different languages, but of which I can't speak positively though I have seen them. I hope to know more about the above races by-and-by, but now I must confine myself to the people of this place. Their houses are all built on the beach, below high water mark, on piles nine or twelve feet high. The weapons of war are: bows and arrows (not poisoned); spears, all in one piece and rudely carved; clubs of heavy wood, flat shaped, and also stone clubs—the latter are just like some that I saw in the Museum at Oxford, and said to be hatchets, with a handle about four feet long. They use stones, but not ground or polished ones. Their hatchets are stone like those I gave you from Savage Island, and handled in the same way, only more roughly. The men make good nets, and very large ones both for catching fish and kangaroos. Their canoes are large but very roughly made—no carving at all about them. They do not know the use of fish-hooks at all.

"The women make pottery consisting of large basins, urns and such like. The knowledge of this art seems confined to Motu, the other tribes or races bartering yams, cocoa-nuts, &c., for them. The women are the workers; they carry all the burdens, carry them as the Australian natives at Cape York do, suspended behind by a band across the top of the head. I have seen some of the women's heads quite indented where the band goes. Our knowledge of the language is as yet necessarily imperfect. There are many words in common with the dialects of Eastern Polynesia, but the construction of the language is different. I have no Malayan Dictionary, but in the list given by Mr. Wallace of Malayan words there are but few, very few, of those spoken here.

"The climate is very hot and a good deal of fever and ague is here, but Mrs. Lawes and I have been well hitherto. Mrs. Lawes was the first white lady to land on New Guinea, she and our little boy were great lions for a time.

N. G. LAWES."

BOSTON LETTER.

Boston: June 4, 1875.

I have just had the pleasure of looking over an advance copy of the third volume of Mr. Bancroft's *Native Races of the Pacific States*. It treats with great fulness of the mythology and languages of the people described in the previous volumes, whose ways and manners, diverse as they were, read like the record of the most monotonous civilisation, in comparison with the variety of myths set forth by Mr. Bancroft. Almost every tribe has its own way of accounting for the origin of man; many believe that they are descended from animals; the Ahts of Vancouver Island held that men existed at first as birds, animals, or fishes; the Koniagas boast of their descent from dogs; the Californians in most cases describe themselves as originating from the coyote. Further south are to be found more coherent myths relating to the creation of the world and of man. The Quiché account is the fullest, as given in the Popol Vuh. Traditions of the destruction of mankind by a flood are very common: they existed among the Mexicans, who have a myth about the building of a tower of Babel; the Nicaraguans, and also among the Thlinkets in British Columbia, who explain the difference between their language and that of the rest of the world by asserting that the large floating vessel which contained the survivors of the flood grounded on a rock, and was broken into two pieces, on one of which were left the ancestors of those who speak the Thlinket language, and on

the other the ancestors of those who speak other tongues.

With regard to physical myths, the worship of the sun, and of the other heavenly bodies to a greater or less extent, was widely spread throughout Mexico. Eclipses consequently caused much excitement, and men with white hair and faces were at once sacrificed to the sun; this was the habit of the Mexicans. The Tlascaltres, on the other hand, sacrificed the rudest victims that could be found when the sun was eclipsed, and the whitest only at eclipses of the moon. The usual device of averting evil by noise was also commonly employed, the reason being the belief that the moon was darkened by the dust of battle, and all the noise and shooting arrows up into the sky was for the purpose of distracting her adversary. Comets were considered messengers of evil, as they have been more recently and by more civilised peoples.

As to the gods or spirits worshipped there was great variety. The Tinneh, who inhabit the country north of the fifty-fifth parallel nearly to the Arctic and Pacific Oceans, seem to have no "single expressed idea with regard to a supreme power;" one branch, however, "recognise a certain personage, resident in the moon," to whom they pray for success in hunting. The Mexican religion is a "confused and clashing chaos of fragments." The most important of the Mexican gods Mr. Bancroft considers to have been Tezcatlipoca, and many of the prayers addressed to him are given, with a word of warning, however, as to their absolute authenticity. There is also to be found a full digest of the numerous myths, and their even more numerous explanations about Quetzalcoatl. Huizilopochtli, more commonly known as Vitzliputzli, the god of war, and the especially national god of the Mexicans, is treated of at length, Mr. Bancroft giving the reader an abridged translation of Professor J. G. Müller's monograph about this god, for the sake, he says, "of the accurate and detailed handling, rehandling, and grouping them, by a master in this department of mythological learning, of almost all the data relating to the matter in hand."

As to the various doctrines about a future state, they are of all kinds. Some races believe in metempsychosis, indeed some go so far as to believe that they return to the primeval condition of animals, plants, and inanimate objects. The Pluto of the Ahts is Chayher, a figure of flesh without bones. In his kingdom there are no salmon, and the blankets are so thin and narrow as to be almost useless for either warmth or decoration. A few of the tribes believed in annihilation; the Nicaraguans held that the wicked alone were annihilated.

The chapters on Language are interesting. Mr. Bancroft mentions different classifications into seven, and into seven hundred families, and regards the dialects as countless. There are four great languages—the Eskimo, which, however, is not properly an American language; the Tinneh family at the northern end of the Rocky Mountain range; the Aztec, and the Maya. Traces of the Aztec appear in Texas, Arizona, Utah, Idaho, Montana, and Oregon, far to the north, as well as in Mexico and Central America. In the author's opinion no Asiatic or European tongue, excepting, of course, the Eskimo, has yet been found in America. All the efforts to detect traces of them he considers idle speculation, and to show how easy it would be to form useless hypotheses, he gives a brief list of words analogous both in meaning and sound, from unrelated languages.

"For the German *ja* we have the Shasta *ya*; for *komm*, the Comanche *kim*; . . . for *weinen*, the Cora *veine*; for *thun*, the Tepehuana *duni*. . . . For the Latin *hic*, *vas*, the Tepehuana *hic*, *vase*; for *lingua*, the Moqui *linga*; . . . for *toga*, *manus*, the Kenai *togaai*, *man*. . . . For the Sanskrit *da*, there is the Cora *ta* (give); for *ekk*, the Miztec *ec* (one); for *ma*, the Tepehuana *mai* (not) and the Maya *ma* (no); for *masa* (month), the Pima *mahsa* (moon); for *tschandra* (moon), the Kenai *tschane* (moon); for *pada* (foot), the Sekumne *podo* (leg); for *kama* (love), the

Shoshone *kamakh* (to love); for *pá*, the Kizh *paa* (to drink)."

Every philologist ought to have this list in his mind to warn him from too ready explanation of linguistic problems. Mr. Bancroft has collected what he could about a great number of the dialects—to get even the names of between seven and eight hundred, as he has done, is no light task—with the declension of a noun, the conjugation of a verb, and the translation of the Lord's Prayer, when such could be found. The Mixtec language, one of great antiquity, seems to be one of the most difficult. The following word, meaning to conciliate a person's good graces, must have puzzled backward boys and foreigners, *yokuwishuainindiyotuvuwhatusindisahata*.

I have given a very incomplete account of this volume, which shows all the excellence of its predecessors. It will be found a very complete compendium of all that is known about the subjects treated.

Two volumes of poems have just appeared, one by Miss Phelps, the author of some well-known prose works, and the other, *An Idyl of Work*, by Miss Larcom, some of whose verses have a deserved reputation. In this volume Miss Larcom tries a more ambitious flight, but, it must be confessed, with less success. The story is a rather complicated one of three girls, who worked in mills at Lowell in the old days, before the invasion of the Irish had driven out the intellectual, pallid, New England girls who read metaphysics after work-hours. The poem labours under the disadvantage of being written in blank verse, although occasional rhymed interludes bring a pleasant change to the ear. The main trouble with the book is its super-refined tone of excessive culture, but it shows at times pretty veins of fancy, which seem almost out of place in this rather solemn discussion of serious problems. In her preface the author tells the reader that she herself once worked in the mills, and that in the *Lowell Offering*, and similar magazines, her first writings appeared, so that she has a right to be heard when she chooses this subject; but in the dusty volumes of English poetry of the last century there are to be found many very solemn warnings against religious discussion in blank verse.

Miss Phelps's little volume, which bears the modest title of *Poetic Studies*, deserves attention. The first poem in the volume, "That never was on Sea or Land," is, perhaps, the most striking; it is full of imagination. I would gladly quote a few lines but for the risk of doing the poem injustice. Its merit does not lie in separate phrases which can be safely detached and handed about for admiration, but in the originality and execution of the author's plan.

If any young women read the ACADEMY, and care to know how their cousins in New England disport themselves, let them read a little novel, *One Summer*, which has just been published by Osgood and Co., of this city. They will find it a bright and entertaining little story, which throws more light on the ways of young people over here than do many volumes like *Queechy*, *The Wide Wide World*, *The Lamplighter*, &c. To be sure, one cannot help wishing that some discreet friend had pruned a little here and there.

The centennial celebrations of the beginning of the Revolutionary War are calling forth work from different writers. Mr. Lowell's Ode, read at Concord, April 19, appeared in the June *Atlantic*. Dr. Holmes has written a clever ballad, just published in a little pamphlet, about the battle of Bunker's Hill, of which the hundredth anniversary is celebrated on the 17th of this month. The ballad is very amusing; a grandmother tells to her grandchildren the story of the fight as she saw it from a church-tower in this city.

The Eighth Annual Report of the trustees of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology contains an interesting account of a collection of earthen dishes and vases, stone and

bone implements, &c., from the state of Missouri, which has recently been added to the Museum. They are relics of the mound-builders. The report contains engravings of some of the jars, pipes, vessels, and instruments.

In vol. xvii. of the *Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History* may be found in full Mr. F. W. Putnam's report of his researches in Kentucky and Indiana, of which I made brief mention in a previous letter. Archaeologists should not fail to read it.

THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.

ARCHAEOLOGICAL NEWS FROM GREECE.

Argos, June 10, 1875.

As this place is not frequently visited by archaeologists or classical scholars from England, a few notes on its objects of interest may be acceptable to you. By a law of recent date passed by the Greek Government, a museum of antiquities is established in each district, and objects of art or inscriptions, when discovered, must be kept there and not sent to any central museum. This is the reason why the museums of Athens strike the traveller as so very poor when he considers the rich country around. But when he takes the trouble to travel through the remoter parts of Greece, he finds in every little town—nay, at times in an isolated country church or in dark stable or shanty—some one or two objects of merit hidden in an almost hopeless obscurity. Where means and ways of travelling are so inadequate, it seems a pity that this policy has been adopted. The new Prime Minister of Greece, upon whom I urged these considerations the other day, argued with a good deal of force that local museums taught the country people the nature and value of antiquities, and would probably ensure the safety of many treasures which would be lost were they to await transportation to Athens. But still I am convinced that for students the present law is injurious, especially as there is no single organ at Athens for noticing each discovery, and for giving some sketch or drawing as a clue to its general value.

Thus at Argos, which is as yet almost virgin soil to the excavator, there are four objects in the museum, but all of interest. There is an inscription which has been published in the *Greek Athenaeum*, I believe. There is an excellent female head, of the best period of Greek art, about half life-size, and strange to say, with one eye a little larger than the other. There is an admirable small female statue, exquisitely draped, of a woman with one foot on a small aquatic bird, which looks like a duck. The head and arms are gone, but the rest is well preserved and valuable. The bird under the foot ought to afford a clue to identify the figure, though I cannot remember any representation like it. The fourth object has been found very lately, and is a relief larger than life size, of the head of Medusa on a large square block of white marble. The face is expressionless and rather archaic in style, though of good and clear workmanship. But the coiffure, which has been finished only at the right side, is very peculiar, and consists of large scales starting from the forehead, and separating into two plaits, which become serpents' bodies, and after sinking as low as the chin, bend upwards and outwards again, till at the height of the forehead they terminate in well-formed serpents' heads. The width between the serpents' heads at the end of the plaits is about double the width of the head. Thus the whole upper outline is something like a large U (W) with rounded angles. The left serpent is carved out perfectly in the relief, but not covered with scales. This type of Medusa is, I think, a very peculiar one, and unlike the specimens found in other museums.

To describe the other curiosities near and about Argos would be to repeat an oft-told tale. Tiryns and Mycenae are quite near, and always full of interest. But I may add that

excellent photographs of these splendid remains may be had from Mr. Constantine, proprietor of the New York Hotel at Athens, who is himself an accomplished photographer. The great theatre of Argos, the largest Greek theatre I have yet seen, was also being photographed (for the first time) while I was there, and will, no doubt, be accessible in the same way. The view from this theatre of the plain of Argos and of the Isonic mountains, would in itself repay a visit. It is the most beautiful prospect among all the varied coast scenery of Eastern Greece. I hope in a few days to send you some additional notes of little-known curiosities in the interior of the country.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

The EDITOR will be glad if the Secretaries of Institutions, and other persons concerned, will lend their aid in making this Calendar as complete as possible.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SATURDAY, June 26, 3 p.m.	Physical: Mr. W. J. Wilson on "The Electrical Conductivity of Liquids;" Dr. W. H. Stone on "Subjective Sensations of Taste."
3.45 p.m.	Royal Botanic.
MONDAY, June 28, 1 p.m.	Sale at Christie's of the Marlborough Gems.
"	Sale at Sotheby's of the Antiquities and Works of Art collected by the late John Williams, Esq., F.S.A.
8.30 p.m.	Musical Association: Soiree (Beethoven Rooms).
TUESDAY, June 29, 3 p.m.	Mozart Concert, Alexandra Palace.
WEDNESDAY, June 30, 4 p.m.	Society of Arts: Anniversary.
FRIDAY, July 2, 4 p.m.	Archaeological Institute.
8 p.m.	Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

The Physics and Philosophy of the Senses; or, the Mental and the Physical in their Mutual Relation. By R. S. Wyld, F.R.S.E. (London: Henry S. King & Co., 1875.)

THIS book may be taken as a sign of the growing interest that is felt in England in the question of the relation between the physical, and the more properly mental, elements of our experience. It seems fair to say the growing interest; for the discussion of the problem, what is the external world, and how do we come to perceive it, has received an impulse in late years which does not seem likely to exhaust itself wholly without result; however remote any definite result may as yet appear to be. Nor is it strange that this renewed interest should be felt: for apart from the speculative attractions of the enquiry which come fresh to every mind, and the dearer for prohibition as all prohibited pleasures are, it becomes more and more obvious that there is no question of real importance to human life that can be either pursued to its ultimate issues, or traced to its source, without in some form raising the enquiry, what is the external world; what does our perception of it mean? For this problem involves the meaning of human life; and the meaning of human life involves this problem. They cannot be separated; nor can any worthy or rational thought leave untouched the latter. It did not need the Positivist scheme, based avowedly upon a particular interpretation of our relation to the external world, to give us assurance that the practical issues of life are absolutely bound up with a question

that might have seemed so remote from them. A consciousness of the connexion is felt by everyone who attempts from any point of view to probe the basis, or test the guides, of his daily life.

Now this more complete inlinking of the theory of our sensuous perception with all the practical questions which most intensely command the soul of man, is a fact of great significance. A guarantee is thus given for the expenditure upon that problem of man's utmost powers. It is placed in the fore-front of his necessities. No more a matter of curiosity, that might be relegated to the special predilections of a few, it stands as a matter of primary importance to every one; and it is certain that no effort man can put forth will be wanting to his final answer.

And it is surely a visibly good thing that this intensity of energy should be thus secured for the investigation of this particular question. For, inviting as it is as a purely intellectual study, one may almost see that its intellectual interest alone could hardly have sufficed for its adequate prosecution. If there is a natural interest in the subject, there is also a natural tendency, immensely strong, to treat it with superficiality; even with levity. Scarcely anywhere does the self-confidence of ignorance so unsuspectingly assume the place of knowledge; and when that spell is happily broken in its first form, and we discover that everything is not settled by knocking on the floor with a stick, where else does the very same feeling so easily and insidiously re-enter, under an opposite form, the very mind that had expelled it; and the conviction that we knew all about the subject, and there was nothing more to enquire into, resume its sway under the thinly-disguised form that we cannot know anything—and there is nothing more to enquire into? Undermined by this treacherous impulse, on either hand, to treat the question as one settled and fixed—either as known, or as never to be known; but anyhow not to be enquired into—the intellect would never, perhaps, by its own impulses alone, have fairly and thoroughly addressed itself to the question: What does our perception of the external world truly mean? But the soul cannot let it go; and thus the intellect cannot quit her task so lightly.

Mr. Wyld's book shows us this, in what we may, without offence, call almost a pathetic form. So glad man's jaded Thought would be to leave this barren and unhelpful ground, explored over and over again, until what more is there to say? every conceivable thing that is to be said turning out to be some horrid inconceivable at last. But here She is, clutched once more by her departing vestments, and bidden still to tarry, there is a solution yet: and we turn to listen; for if useful studies are hindered by the delay, still he who bids us has a claim; since there is good scientific work in the earlier portions of the volume. And what we find is, that if the world be considered as God's power expressed in physical laws, meeting our power as expressed in our own mental effort, and matter be no entity but merely the vehicle through which this divine power is transmitted, then we have

a clear, steadfast knowledge of the external fact. But these are the author's words:—

"Had our writers more carefully considered the materials found in Consciousness, and, instead of joining with the unthinking portion of mankind in assuming the existence of an unknown entity called Matter, which is quite inadequate to account for the operations of Nature, and which has for centuries barred all attempts at a rational explanation of natural phenomena—had they, we say, examined a little more carefully, they would have discovered that the physical properties of which we are conscious are but different modifications not of matter, but of force. The apprehension of such a fact as this is most important to philosophy, for when we properly see and believe it, the world at once opens out to us, not as a meaningless mass of matter, but as a magnificent exhibition of power—a system or economy in which the Supreme Being, the source of power and being, by subjecting his absolute power, *qua* the physical world, to fixity and law, fulfils his purposes of sustaining living and conscious beings under the peculiar conditions which we observe in the physical world. . . . By merely assuming those mysterious elements, the chemical atoms, which no man has seen or can see, to be centres of force, and presenting physical substance as an aggregation of such dynamical atoms, the whole theory is complete, without deranging a single fact or principle of science." (p. 541.)

That is, Boscovich's suggestion of the atom as a centre of force alone, without material substance, is the key to open the prison-door of scepticism, and make "the theory of perception at once simple and apparent; for our knowledge of the world is immediately seen to be the result of a connexion between the Supreme Mind and the mind of the creature. . . . He reveals His power by suffering our power to come into direct connexion and counterpoise with His (and also by making us recipients of those arbitrary signs which we call sensations)."

Now it is not because Mr. Wyld's mind is less acute than any other, that he overlooks the obvious reply that the proposal of centres of force as constituting physical things does but shift, and not at all remove, the intellectual difficulty. How force without matter? Does force occupy space, is it impenetrable, and has it weight? If so, it is matter. If not, how do unextended centres of force make up physical extension? Our author, when treating of the ether, p. 205, writes thus:—

"As this subtle, though powerful, medium penetrates all bodies, even the densest, it is thus, as it were, the cushion on which the ultimate atoms of all things rest. It surrounds every atom and keeps each one apart from its fellows, and by its movements, which never cease, it maintains them in constant though invisible vibration," &c.

If there are *only* centres of force, how is either a medium, how does it keep these centres apart; above all, how keep them in constant vibration? What is a centre of force if it wants keeping in movement? Is it not evident that the ether here serves our author as matter serves other men? That the chemical atoms are conditions—even dynamic conditions—of the ether is a view which has much to commend it (if only the ether itself would but be a thing one could really believe in as existing); but assuredly it does not help us over the difficulty externally of "matter." In short, the external physical world will not be conceived. It insists on landing us in a contradiction; it

compels us to say: whatever exists it is not that; not that which answers either to our sense or to our thought. Mr. Wyld tries to persuade us to accept centres of force as the substance of things, only because so he can directly urge us to recognise "in all the energies of nature an epiphany of God's power;" not because his *thought*, any more than ours, is satisfied.

Does it follow, then, that we do not and cannot know anything about the cause of our perceptions, the real source of our experience? Or is there not a third possibility, namely, that we have yet to recognise the true method of treating the problem? It is remarkable that this view of the case has been so little considered, especially when we recall how full human history is of instances to the point; how full of cases in which persistent failure—leading men to despair—has been simply the precursor to the adoption of a truer method. Science itself is one great example. Men "could not know" the order and connexion of physical events (of phenomena themselves) until, after a long period of vain trying, they adopted a method they had overlooked. Socrates urged the impossibility of knowing the laws of the heavenly bodies in their motions, and quoted the astronomy of his day to prove it.* Failure to accomplish—if we are guided by experience, and that which the history of the past proves to be probable—should lead us to believe that we have yet to recognise the true method for our attempt. And this, we venture to suggest, is the proper inference from the failure man has hitherto encountered in his attempt to discover the true nature of the external world; or, as we should prefer to say, the true cause of his experience. He has not bethought him of the true method. This would be the fitting opinion, even if it had to be held in mere vagueness, with no indications as to the direction, even, in which a truer method might be sought. But the case is not so. Quite definite suggestions for a truer method challenge our attention. One, for instance, is to try and gain guidance in the larger problem of perception as a whole, by carefully studying the phenomena of particular perceptions, which are more within our grasp. As, for instance, we find that, in very many perceptions at least, there is given us a knowledge of ourselves or of our relations, as well as of the object; and that we must take account of the former elements as well as of the latter in order to know rightly respecting the thing perceived. So all sight-perceptions, for example, challenge us to recognise our distance; all perceptions of touch, to remember the activity of our own muscles. And in general, in every act of ordinary perception we have to remember two things: one, that modified conditions of our own—as our being moved, our hands having been chilled or heated, &c.—affect the mode of our perceiving; and another, that our impression frequently differs from the truth by involving a non-perception on our part. Even such simple facts as these have not been called on yet to help us in the wider

* Mr. Wyld reminds us in this volume how Newton held chromatic aberration irremediable, through not having recognised the different refractive powers of various kinds of glass.

problem of our perception of the whole. Nor have we duly recalled to mind the fact that we learn to know particular objects by the study of them by more than one means; by uniting two senses, *e.g.*, or sense and thought; and that the imperfect apprehension of the object by one of these means is the very circumstance that renders this union of different means of investigation easy. And we have laid little weight also on a fact to which our author rightly attaches great importance, namely, "our consciousness of possessing mental and animal power," as a source of knowledge. For, simple as this fact may seem, upon the hypothesis that external nature is as it appears to us, or is conceived by us, it assumes a new significance when it is held that the world that exists (if any) is different from that which we can apprehend. For then we come straight upon this fact, that we feel things to exist that do not exist; we consciously live our life in a world that is not. Is there no significance, no suggestion as a guide to farther thought, in that?

We may well thank Mr. Wyld for reminding us again that the question of our perception of the external world is not yet closed. And to anyone who is interested in a careful, clear, scientific exposition of the functions of the senses, we can also recommend his volume. In ch. xviii., a suggestion of real value is made as to the method by which single vision is secured, by means of a possible arrangement of the fibres of the optic nerve in the central ganglion.

JAMES HINTON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PHYSICS.

Phenomena produced in Liquids by Electric Currents of High Tension.—M. G. Planté (*Comptes Rendus*, lxxx., p. 1133) has produced some extraordinary effects with his secondary battery which are very interesting for other reasons and also because they seem to throw light on the origin of fire-balls, of which no rational explanation has hitherto been given. A secondary battery of forty elements, each formed of plates of lead in acidulated water, is charged by two Bunsen's cells. The current from this battery, though only temporary, has sufficient duration to exhibit in all their details the effects produced by the passage of the electricity through imperfect conductors, such as the liquids of voltmeters. Platinum wires connected with the two poles are dipped into acidulated water. In the circuit is introduced also a platinum wire eighty centimètres long and one-tenth of a millimètre in diameter. If the positive terminal be immersed first and then the negative, the latter is surrounded by an envelope of light, but there is no sensible disengagement of gas, nor does the platinum wire become visibly heated. At the end of two or three minutes the luminous envelope disappears, an abundant disengagement of gas takes place at the two electrodes, and the platinum wire at the same time becomes red throughout its whole length.

M. Planté employed also a secondary battery of 200 elements, the discharge current of which was equal to that of 300 Bunsens arranged in series. This battery may be charged in about an hour by two Bunsen's cells. When discharged through a voltmeter containing a saturated solution of common salt, the negative electrode being first immersed, the approach of the positive wire into contact with the liquid determines the formation around it, with a roaring noise, of a small luminous globule of perfect sphericity. On raising

the platinum wire the globule increases in size, attaining a diameter of 10 millimètres; when the wire is depressed the globule assumes a rapid gyratory motion, and having acquired a certain velocity becomes detached, as if attracted by the other electrode, and disappears with an explosion and flame at the negative electrode. This globule is not gaseous, for under these conditions the decomposition of the water takes place with great difficulty; it is a liquid globule in a peculiar spheroidal state, and since it is almost insulated, by reason of its spheroidal state, from the rest of the liquid, must naturally be charged with the same electricity as that of the wire at which it originated, *i.e.*, with positive electricity.

The author observes that cases of globular lightning have generally been observed at the end of a storm, when the electricity of the atmosphere flows freely to the earth through air saturated with aqueous vapour. He regards this portion of the atmosphere as a vast voltmeter, one electrode being formed by a cloud, the other by a point of the earth,—a voltmeter in which the water would be with difficulty decomposed and in which such luminous and calorific phenomena as are described above would play a prominent part. Although fire-balls are certainly not spheres of liquid, they may nevertheless be formed of a ponderable matter charged with electricity, and we may conceive that the high tension of atmospheric electricity may produce with humid air that which dynamical electricity produces with a saline liquid.

Acoustic Reversibility.—Professor Tyndall has shown that when a sensitive flame is placed immediately behind a cardboard screen, 18 inches by 12, and a reed-pipe sounded at a distance of 6 feet from the screen, the flame is violently agitated. When the positions of the flame and reed are reversed, the latter being now close behind the screen, and the former at a distance of 6 feet from it, the sonorous vibrations are without sensible action on the flame. This experiment affords an explanation of a difficulty experienced by Arago and others when investigating the velocity of sound between Villejuif and Montlhéry in 1822. It was noticed that while every report of the cannon fired at Montlhéry was heard with the greatest distinctness at Villejuif, by far the greater number of reports from Villejuif failed to reach Montlhéry. Villejuif is close to Paris, and over it (with the observed light wind) was slowly wafted the air from the city. Thousands of chimneys to windward of Villejuif were slowly discharging their heated currents, so that an atmosphere non-homogeneous in a high degree must have surrounded that station. At no great height in the atmosphere equilibrium of temperature would be established. The non-homogeneous air surrounding Villejuif is experimentally typified by the screen with the source of sound close behind it. As the sensitive flame at a distance failed to be affected by the sounding body placed close behind the cardboard screen, so did the observers at Montlhéry fail to hear the sound of the Villejuif gun.

Quadrant Electrometer.—In the *Journal de Physique* (May, 1875), appears a short account by M. Terquem of a simple and inexpensive modification of Sir W. Thomson's quadrant electrometer, which has been employed by Dr. Angot and others in experimental researches in static electricity. This modification, though similar in many respects to that devised by the late Mr. C. Becker, differs from it in one important particular. In Becker's form the aluminium needle is maintained at constant potential by means of a Leyden jar, with the inner coating of which it communicates; of the brass quadrants one pair is connected with the earth, the other with the body whose electrical condition is to be studied. In the form used by Dr. Angot there is no Leyden jar, and the aluminium needle is suspended by a metallic wire. The quadrants are connected in opposite pairs with the two poles of a battery (zinc, water, copper)

of 100 elements, and thus always exhibit a constant difference of potential. The conductor whose electrical capacity or potential is to be investigated is connected with the wire carrying the needle, and the deflections of the needle observed and measured by means of a telescope and scale. The instrument so used gives constant and satisfactory results.

Changes Produced in Iron and Steel by the Action of Hydrogen and Acids.—Mr. W. H. Johnson has communicated the results of his experiments on this subject to the Royal Society (*Proc.* xxiii. No. 158). A piece of iron wire which has been immersed for a few minutes in strong hydrochloric or dilute sulphuric acid becomes more brittle; a piece breaking after being bent once on itself, while before immersion it could be bent backwards and forwards several times without breaking. If the fractured part, while still hot from the effort of breaking, be wetted, it froths, bubbles of gas being given off from the whole surface of the fracture for thirty or forty seconds, making the water on the fractured surface appear to boil violently. It is remarkable that steel when treated in the same manner does not froth, though the action of acids on steel is more rapid and more marked than on iron. The toughness of steel, however, is greatly diminished by a short immersion in hydrochloric or sulphuric acid; so much so that ten minutes' immersion in dilute sulphuric acid will sometimes cause a coil of highly carbonised tempered steel to break of itself into several pieces while in the liquid. The apparent absence of frothing in the case of steel was ascertained by the author to arise from the bubbles of gas being so small as to be invisible to the naked eye. On microscopic examination, numbers of minute bubbles were seen to arise from the moistened fracture. The frothing is not due to oxidation, for the bubbles are still seen if oil be employed instead of water, and no matter how numerous the bubbles, the closest examination fails to show any formation of oxide. That hydrogen is the sole cause of these changes produced in iron, or inseparably connected therewith, is shown by the fact that only those acids which evolve hydrogen by their action on iron produce any change in iron or steel, nitric acid having no effect. Again, if acids be dispensed with altogether, and pieces of iron be subjected to the action of nascent hydrogen (produced by the electrolysis of water or caustic soda), the same results are obtained. A trial was made to ascertain whether similar effects could be obtained in iron by leaving it in an atmosphere of hydrogen gas. The result, however, showed that hydrogen is only occluded by iron when in the nascent state. Experiments were conducted with the view of determining the change produced in the breaking strain and ultimate elongation of iron and steel wires by hydrogen occluded in them after immersion in hydrochloric and sulphuric acids; the experiments show that the tensile strain both of iron and steel is diminished under these circumstances, but that the elasticity of steel wire is increased up to a certain limit. The electrical conductivity of iron wire is slightly diminished when it contains occluded hydrogen, as Graham also found in the case of palladium.

Superposition of Magnetic Layers in Steel.—In a recent number of the *Comptes Rendus* (lxxx., p. 417) is a notice by M. Jamin of experiments on the depth of magnetic layers and their superposition in steel. A steel rod was introduced into a steel tube, and the system magnetised in a helix, in which passed a galvanic current of gradually increasing strength. So long as the current was feeble it acted only on the tube, leaving the core in its natural state. When the current attained a certain strength magnetism began to be imparted to the steel core, and increased in intensity with the current strength, until it finally became what it would have been had the tube been absent.

It thus appears that the magnetism penetrates to a limited depth, which increases with the strength of the magnetising current. In another experiment the steel core was magnetised to saturation before insertion in the tube, and the combination magnetised in the opposite direction by a current of gradually increasing strength. So long as the current was feeble the original magnetism of the core was preserved; after a time, however, it was enfeebled and finally reversed. There is a time during this process when the combination of tube and core does not possess any apparent magnetism; it is not, however, in its natural state, for on separating the two parts of the system they are found to be oppositely magnetised. Neutrality is produced by their superposition. If a steel lamina which has been magnetised be put into dilute sulphuric acid, and withdrawn every half-hour in order to measure its thickness and the magnetism which it has retained, it is found that the latter diminishes, as of course it should, for the acid in dissolving the metal dissolves also the magnetism which it contained. If the lamina were uniformly magnetised throughout its mass, the ratio of the quantity of magnetisation to the thickness would remain constant; but it is not so. It is found that the magnetism diminishes to zero. It follows that the intensity of the magnetic layer on the two faces of the lamina decreases from the surface where it is a maximum, to a certain depth where it is zero. For a given kind of steel the magnetic layer has a maximum thickness, which cannot be exceeded whatever be the strength of the magnetising source.

Position of the Poles of a Magnet.—M. C. G. Müller (*Pogg. Ann. cliv.*, p. 474) investigates the position of the poles of a long steel magnet of small cross-section in the following manner:—The magnet (a magnetised knitting-needle, for example) is attached to two pieces of cork, so as to be perfectly horizontal and place itself in the magnetic meridian when floated in water. A fine-pointed iron wire is then approached vertically from above over one of the ends of the needle, which moves until the resultant of all the acting magnetic forces coincides with the direction of the iron wire. If now the wire be cautiously depressed it will touch the needle at the point of maximum attraction, *i.e.* at the pole. M. Müller's experiments show that for such magnetic needles, of given length, the poles approach the extremities as the thickness diminishes; that for needles of constant diameter, but varying length, the poles are nearer the extremities as the needle is shorter, but that the ratio of the distance of a pole from the extremity of the length of the needle is not constant.

Polariscope.—In the June number of the *Phil. Mag.* Mr. Spottiswoode describes a new revolving polariscope. The instrument consists of a Nicol's prism, or other ordinary polariser, and a double image prism as analyser. The latter is so cut as to show one image in the centre of the field of view, the other excentric; and the peculiarity of the arrangement consists in giving to the analyser a rapid motion of rotation. If the speed attains eight or ten revolutions per second, the image will remain persistently on the retina during an entire revolution, and all the phenomena which are usually seen in succession will appear displayed simultaneously in a ring by the excentric image. The principle of the revolving analyser is applicable alike to a table polariscope for eye-observations and to one constructed for projection.

Zinc Electrodes.—It was shown by Du Bois-Reymond, in 1859, that amalgamated zinc plates in solutions of zinc salts exhibit no phenomena of polarisation. Patry afterwards showed that the solutions must be neutral. M. A. Overbeck (*Pogg. Ann. cliv.*, p. 445) has made some experiments on the subject, employing currents of gradually increasing strength, the result of which is to show that amalgamated zinc electrodes are not susceptible to polarisation only when the electrolysing

current is weak, but that with a battery of five or six Grove's cells the zinc plates become polarised exactly as if they were platinum. M. Overbeck supposed that when the current is feeble the salt only is decomposed and not the water in which it is dissolved, but that with a more intense current the water itself suffers decomposition.

BOTANY.

Commelynaceae et Cyrtandraceae Bengalenses (*paucis aliis ex terris adjacentibus additis*).—Mr. C. B. Clarke, M.A., the author of a big folio volume of plates and letterpress, bearing the preceding title, contributed a paper on the Commelynaceae of Bengal to the *Journal of the Linnean Society* (vol. xi. p. 438), in which he did something to clear up the complicated and perplexing synonymy of this group, from the study of living plants. Like most monocotyledonous plants, the Commelynaceae are difficult of discrimination and identification from dried specimens; but Mr. Clarke has drawn his distinctions from the number of cells and manner of dehiscence of the capsules, and from the number, form, and sculpture of the seeds; and if these characters are tolerably constant, the determination of species will be considerably facilitated by their elucidation. In the volume before us, which was published at Calcutta, the author reviews and figures the genera and species of this family found in Bengal. The plates represent ten genera and forty-two species, and were, with the exception of most of the dissections and magnified figures, executed by native artists. As might be expected, they leave much to be desired from an artistic point of view, but they appear to be tolerably faithful outlines, and compare favourably with Wight's *Icones Plantarum*—also by native artists. Their chief value, however, is in the figures of the seeds and capsules of the different species. The attachment of the ovules and their structure is very remarkable; and the position and shape of the embryo and its cap-like covering are characteristic. The surface of the testa of different species presents a great variety of reticulations and markings, and the shape of the seed itself is equally variable. Nothing but the examination of a large number of specimens, both living and dried, can determine the constancy of the characters employed by the writer, but seeds as a rule furnish very trustworthy differences, and garden varieties of many things are readily distinguished by their seeds. Hasskarl's "Genera Commelynacearum" (Regensburg *Flora*, 1866) here rank, that is the new ones proposed by him, mostly as sections. *Polia Aclisia* and *Aclisia indica* were confounded by Mr. Clarke in the paper mentioned above, but he now recognises them as being abundantly distinct. A new monotypic genus, *Amelina Wallichii*, is described and figured. It is founded mainly upon the *capsula regulariter bilocularis, bivalvis, oblonga, apice lata, truncata, fere bicornuta, et the semina in quoque loculo unica serie superimposita*. The Cyrtandraceae illustrated number forty-nine species, belonging to twelve genera, one of which *Baeica*, Anders. MSS., is new. It differs from *Baea* in having a four-valved capsule. As a whole, the figures of this family are not so satisfactory as those of the Commelynaceae, but, as the author observes, it rested between such as he is able to give us and none at all, and they will doubtless be of some service in working up the family.

Flore Bryologique de Belgique.—The *Bulletin de la Société Royale de Botanique de Belgique* for May, 1875, contains the first part of a descriptive enumeration of all the mosses hitherto observed growing in Belgium, by M. Gravet. Although that country has not been thoroughly explored, nearly 400 species have already been discovered, and doubtless this number will be considerably increased by future discoveries. In the *Flore Cryptogamique des Flandres* of Kickx, published in 1866, only

164 mosses are described; therefore this contribution to Muscology will be specially welcome to those who interest themselves in the distribution of plants.

Economic Botany.—A new edition of the Official Guide or Handbook to the Museums of Economic Botany of the Royal Gardens, Kew, gives us an opportunity of referring to the rich collection of vegetable substances, both in the raw and manufactured states, to be seen at Kew. The first edition was compiled by Professor D. Oliver, and the additions and corrections to subsequent editions have been done by Mr. J. R. Jackson, the Curator of the Museums; and therefore, although by no means a complete catalogue of the objects exhibited, it is perfectly trustworthy, and contains most of the latest discoveries relating to the sources of valuable drugs, oils, fibres, &c. Thus: *Trachylobium Hornemannianum* is now known to be the tree that produces the copal of East Africa, *Rheum officinale* the source of some of the medicinal rhubarb, *Euryangium Sumbul* of sumbul, *Broussonetia Kaempferi* of the best quality of the paper mulberry fibres employed by the Japanese in an infinite variety of manufactures, and the true Esparto grass is said to be a species of *Macrochloa*, &c. An interesting scrap of information, too, is that canary-seed (*Phalaris canariensis* and other species) is now extensively used for feeding race-horses, as it contains a large percentage of nutritive matter unmixd with less desirable properties. A complete work on applied botany is, however, one of the greatest desiderata in this class of literature.

The Potato Disease.—Mr. Eccles Haigh has published a small pamphlet on the cause and prevention of this dreadful malady, as well as of the now almost extinct "curl." Although this essay appears to be based upon some sound notions respecting the economy of plant-life, yet we regret, for the sake of the community at large, that we cannot join with the author in his sanguine belief that he has discovered the solution of a problem which has baffled all the scientific and practical men of our day. Mr. Haigh lays no claim to practical knowledge, and assuredly his scientific attainments have not stood him in good stead. He has full faith and confidence in a pet theory of the functions of nitrogenous matters in the economy of plant-life, and upon this hinges the utter fallacy, or otherwise, of his presumed cause and prevention. His assumptions and misconceptions fit in together admirably, nevertheless we shall be well pleased if experience show that we have misjudged his essay.

The Alliums.—Dr. Regel, Director of the St. Petersburg Botanic Garden, has recently filled up a very important gap in systematic botany, in a monograph of the large genus *Allium*, which he has just published. A very large number of the 256 species he describes are indigenous in Russian territory, or in countries bordering thereon, which have been very little explored except by Russian travellers. Hence Dr. Regel had far more complete materials at his disposal than could be found in any other establishment, and as compared with some other monographs from the same pen, the present is much more carefully and exhaustively worked out; and it is certainly a most welcome addition to the literature used by those employed in determination of species. But the author betrays some inconsistencies, which those who are acquainted with his previous writings will not be surprised at. His views regarding species and genera seem to undergo a change with each work he publishes, when we consider his monographs of *Vitis*, *Tulipa*, and other genera. *Nothoscordium*, regarded by some as a well-defined genus, he refers to *Allium*, not even according it the status of a section, for he says that although the majority of *Alliums* have only two ovules in each cell, in *A. nigrum* and its allies they are numerous.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

Natives of Western Australia.—Mr. John Forrest, on Tuesday last, brought before the Anthropological Institute an account of the natives of Western Australia, whom he visited. They are divided into two great tribes, called the Jornderuss and the Ballavook, which are again divided into innumerable sub-tribes. These great tribes are exogamous; a Jornderuss may not marry a Jornderuss, but must take a Ballavook. Wife stealing is a constant source of quarrelling among them, and the women are frequently speared or killed. If a husband dies, his wife belongs to the oldest man of his family, who either marries her or gives her to some one else. The children always belong to the mother's tribe. These natives do not wash, but grease themselves with ochre to keep away the flies. Tattooing and marking on the shoulder and breast is almost universal among them, and the rite of circumcision is practised by all the tribes that Mr. Forrest met with, except those of the south-west corner of Australia. It is a religious ceremony, and the men and women part for a fortnight upon the occasion of it.

The natives of the interior are entirely without clothing and suffer much from the cold. They sleep in the open, except in wet weather, when they build small huts. Mr. Forrest believes that they have a sort of belief in a Supreme Being, but can give very little information about him. In the south-west corner of Australia the name for father and mother is the same as for god and sun. They do not believe in natural death, but always assume that some other native has been the cause of it, and frequently kill him for it. Cannibalism is common among the natives of the interior; their weapons are identical with those used in other parts of Australia.

Ethnological Papers for the Arctic Expedition.—Mr. Clements Markham, F.R.S., has contributed to the papers reprinted for the use of the Arctic Expedition, and published by the Geographical Society immediately previous to the departure of the Expedition, several notes on the origin and condition of the Greenland Esquimaux. Although the whole of the Esquimaux race may be regarded as one people, having its origin in Northern Asia, Mr. Markham believes the Greenland Esquimaux to have started from the banks of the Indigirka and Kolyma in Eastern Siberia, at a later period than their brethren who now inhabit the northern coast of America and Labrador. Between the eleventh and fourteenth century there was a great movement among the people of Central Asia. Shaibani Khan, a grandson of Jingiz Khan, led 15,000 families into the northern wilds, and their descendants, the Jakhts, pressed on until they are now found at the mouth of the rivers falling into the Polar Ocean. But these regions were formerly inhabited by numerous tribes, which were driven away further north over the frozen sea. Mr. Markham gives evidence to show that between Cape Chelagskoy and Melville Island there is a bridge of islands, the existence of which is proved by the accounts of the natives, by the flight of birds, and by the position of the pack ice in this region. Across this chain of islands the aborigines of northern Siberia fled from their southern invaders, and traces of their subsequent migrations are to be seen in the ruins of Yourts, similar to those still existing in the neighbourhood of Cape Chelagskoi, on Melville Island, Byam Martin Island, Bathurst Island, Cornwallis Island, on the shores of Wellington Channel, and in North Devon. The whole of this chain of islands having been proved by recent explorers to be unfit for permanent habitation, the fugitives pressed on towards the east and passed over to Greenland by Smith's Sound. Here a portion may have turned northward into the region to be explored by the expedition. Others, known as the Arctic highlanders, are now found on the eastern shore of Smith's Sound, between the Humboldt and Mel-

ville Glaciers, and others pass southward into southern Greenland. This part of Greenland, lying between Cape Farewell and Disko Island on the west coast, was colonised by the Norsemen under Erik the Red in the end of the tenth century. This colony continued to flourish for three centuries and a half, upwards of 300 small farms and villages were built along the sea-shore, and Greenland became the see of a bishop. During the whole of this period no indigenous race was seen in the land, and no one appeared to dispute possession with the Norman colony. But in the middle of the fourteenth century a horde of small men resembling those known to inhabit the coast of Labrador, whom the Normans called Skroellings, appeared on the extreme northern point of the settlement at a place called Kindelfjord, and eighteen Norsemen were killed in an encounter with them. News of the invasion having been sent to the eastern settlement of Norsemen, one Ivar Bardsen came to the rescue in the year 1349, but found that the whole of the western Norsemen had disappeared, and that the Skroellings were in possession. This Mr. Markham believes to be the final achievement of the Greenland Esquimaux in their wanderings from the northern shores of Siberia. The Arctic highlanders who constitute the remaining portion of this horde are found between latitudes 76° and 79°, on the verge of the unknown polar region. They are described as a good-humoured race, of small stature, with scanty beard and coarse black hair. They possess great strength and endurance, and are on the whole intelligent. They have no canoes, nor have they bows and arrows, but their habitations are built of stone, and resemble those found along the belt of islands through which they are supposed to have migrated, and are different from those of the Esquimaux of America, who live in snow huts. A considerable number of words in the language of the Greenland Esquimaux are identical with those of the Siberian tribes near the Gulf of Anadyr, such as the words for sun, earth, water, fire, father, eye, head, and the numerals as far as five. The ethnological portion of the volume concludes by a series of questions drawn up by a committee of the Anthropological Institute for the use of the expedition.

Excavations in Cissbury Camp, near Worthing, Sussex.—During the past week excavations have been carried on in this camp by a committee of the Anthropological Institute, with the view of ascertaining the relative age of the entrenchment, and the pits sunk for the purpose of obtaining flints for implements. These pits occupy the slope of the hill in the interior of the fort on the west side, and also extend in a belt for about 200 yards on the outside. As none of the rings which mark the mouths of these pits cut into the line of the rampart, it was evident that if the pits were in existence before the rampart, all trace of them must have been obliterated by the latter, and it was therefore determined to excavate a portion of the ditch at the point of intersection of the rampart and the belt of pits above mentioned. The result has been the discovery of a pit in the bottom of the ditch, no trace of which was observable on the surface. This pit, or rather shaft, cuts into a portion of the escarp of the ditch in such a manner as to prove that it was constructed previously to the formation of the ditch, and it extends to about 6 feet beneath the latter. At the bottom several galleries were found branching in different directions by means of which the flints had been obtained from the chalk. The result of these excavations, although it has proved satisfactorily that this hill was the site of an extensive flint factory before it was occupied by the ancient Britons for the purposes of defence, has not as yet brought to light any satisfactory evidence of the date of either of these works. The discovery of a large collection of flint flakes about half way down in the silting of the ditch leads to the supposition that the entrenchment, although later than the camp, may still be of the neolithic

age, inasmuch as these flint flakes must have been deposited in their present position after the ditch had been partly filled up by the debris from the rampart. The excavations have been conducted under the superintendence of the president of the Institute, assisted by a committee of members, and will be renewed in July, when it is hoped that further evidence will be forthcoming.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Monday, June 7).

SIR S. S. SAUNDERS, C.M.G., President, in the Chair. Mr. Briggs exhibited some bred specimens of *Zygaena meliloti*, bearing a strong resemblance to *Z. trifolii*, and mentioned several instances in which the offspring of *Z. meliloti* exhibited a taint of *trifolii* blood; he suggested that *Z. meliloti* might be only a stunted variety. Mr. McLachlan remarked that the insects of the genus hybridised very freely and alluded to their pairing several times. Mr. W. A. Lewis had noticed that *Z. meliloti* was by far the most common insect in the New Forest and as it appeared to have been only discovered of late years, it seemed to support the idea that it was only a stunted variety which had been recently developed there. Mr. Weir said that he had taken the insect twenty years ago in Tilgate Forest.

Mr. McLachlan exhibited a portion of a vine leaf on which were galls of *Phylloxera vastatrix*, the leaf having been recently plucked in a greenhouse near London.

The Rev. A. E. Eaton exhibited the insects which he had recently captured in Kerguelen's Island. There were about a dozen species belonging to the *Coleoptera*, *Lepidoptera* and *Diptera*, beside some specimens of bird-lice and fleas. They were all either apterous or the wings were more or less rudimentary. One of the *Diptera* possessed neither wings nor halteres.

Mr. Briggs exhibited specimens of *Halies prasinana* which, when taken, was heard to squeak several times distinctly, and at the same time, a slender filament, projected from beneath the abdomen, was observed to be in rapid motion, and two small spiracles close to the filament were distinctly dilated.

The President called attention to a larva which he had recently discovered at Reigate in the body of a styloised female of *Andrena trimmerana*, this larva having a long telescopic process at the anterior extremity, and two reniform processes behind, similar to *Conope*, an insect which had frequently been reared from *Pompilus*, *Sphex* and *Odynerus*, and had also been met with in *Bombus*, although he had never before heard of its being found in *Andrena*.

The Secretary exhibited some specimens of a minute *Podura*, forwarded to him by the Secretary of the Royal Microscopical Society, having been found on the snow of the Sierra Nevada in California.

Mr. F. H. Ward exhibited some microscopic slides showing specimens of a flea attached to the skin of the neck of a fowl.

Professor Westwood communicated a description of a new genus of Clerideous *Coleoptera* from the Malayan Archipelago.

Mr. McLachlan read a paper entitled "A Sketch of our present knowledge of the Neuropterous Fauna of Japan (excluding *Odonata* and *Trichoptera*)."

Part I. of the *Transactions* of the Society for 1875 was on the table.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON (Thursday, June 10).

PROFESSOR MIVART, F.R.S., in the eighth lecture at the Society's Gardens, treated of Kangaroos. He drew attention to the minute size and absolute helplessness of the young at the time of birth, and to the manner in which the mother's milk is

forced into its mouth, describing the mechanism by which the windpipe communicates directly with the nostrils, by which all danger of choking is obviated. The family Macropodidae consists of four genera, the species of which are all natives of Australia and the adjacent islands. They all agree in having the hind-limbs longer than the fore, they have no inner metatarsal bone, all the toes of the fore-feet are provided with claws, and they have only two lower incisor teeth. It is now 105 years since kangaroos were discovered by Europeans, they having been first seen by Captain Cook on his return from the Transit of Venus Expedition of 1769. The kangaroos along with six other families constitute the order Marsupialia, the other members being the bandicoots, the phalangers, the wombats, the dasyures, and the opossums. The order is remarkable for the great diversity of structure observed among its members, but is distinguished by several important characteristics, as the inflection of the angle of the lower jaw, the presence of "marsupial bones" and the peculiarities of their reproductive system. In recent times they are confined to the Australian region, excepting some opossums which are found in America; but in the Triassic and Oolitic Ages they ranged over the Northern hemisphere, and one genus lingered in Europe up to the Eocene period.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY (Monday, June 14).

THE paper read before the Society was the deferred one by Sir Leopold McClintock on "Arctic Sledge Travelling." Sir Henry Rawlinson, the president, occupied the Chair, and in the course of his opening remarks announced the intention of the Sultan of Zanzibar to be present at a special meeting of the Society on the 28th instant.

Sir L. McClintock commenced by giving a sketch of the rise of sledge travelling in the second and third voyage of Parry and the second of Sir John Ross, between the years 1821 and 1834. The object was then nothing more than how to exist in the Arctic Regions, and all appliances were copied from those of the Esquimaux. It was not till the time of Admiral Sir James Ross that the most important modifications were made, and his designs for sledging are substantially those in use now. Sir Leopold described the nature of the ground to be traversed during the spring months, and then furnished statistics showing the gradual increase of work achieved by a systematic economy and diminution of the weights carried. A rate of twenty miles per diem had thus at last been attained. Dogs were an important auxiliary, as they could drag more than a man, could stand more exposure and only required half as much food. The perfection to which sledge-travelling had been brought would enable a crew to escape from any known position in the Arctic regions. He had the satisfaction of hearing from Lieutenant Payer that the successful retreat of the Austrian Expedition was due greatly to the encouragement derived from this formerly expressed dictum of his. There was so little room for improvement in the equipment of sledging parties, that it would be unfair to expect the results of 1853 and 1854 to be surpassed in 1875. There was only one condition which barred progress, and that was ice too thin to sledge over. It was to be hoped that the expedition would not encounter this obstacle. To sledging they owed the actual survey of many thousand miles of coast line and the discovery of the record of Franklin's expedition, and to it they would also owe the principal share of whatever work might be accomplished by the brave men who had recently left them. The lecturer concluded with a warm expression of confidence in the resolute efforts of the Expedition to attain complete success. A discussion followed in which Admiral Sir R. Collinson, Dr. Rae and Admiral Richards took part.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON (Tuesday, June 15).

PROFESSOR NEWTON, F.R.S., in the Chair. Among the communications of general interest were two papers by the Rev. S. J. Whitmee, of Samoa, in the first of which he described a remarkable change in the habits of *Didunculus strigirostris*, which has lately become much more arboreal, roosting and breeding in trees instead of on the ground; the probable reason is the introduction of cats and rats into the island. In the second paper a very interesting account was given of *Palola viridis*, a marine worm which appears on the coasts invariably during the last quarter of the moon in the months of October and November, observing lunar time with wonderful regularity. It is also remarkable for its mode of reproduction, both sexes break up simultaneously into sections, and the ova and melt are thus liberated in the water. Professor Owen, F.R.S., described the bones of the huge extinct bird of prey of New Zealand, *Harpagornis moorei*. Sir Victor Brooke, Bart., gave an interesting account of the various races or species of wild sheep which are peculiar to the different mountain ranges of Central Asia, and exhibited several specimens, among them a magnificent skull of the gigantic *Ovis polii*. Other papers were read by Messrs. Selater, Meyer, Dawson, Rowley, Dobson, Gulliver, and Bowerbank. This was the last scientific meeting of the present session.

METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY (Wednesday, June 16).

DR. R. J. MANN, President, in the Chair. The following papers were read:—"On a White Rain or Fog Bow," by G. J. Symons, F.M.S.; "On a proposed form of Thermograph," by Wildman Whitehouse, F.R.A.S.; "On the Rainfall at Athens," by Professor W. Raulin (translated by R. Strachan, F.M.S.). These observations were made by M. Julius Schmidt, director of the Greek Observatory, and embrace a period of twelve years and a half, viz., from August 1859 to December 1871. The average yearly fall is 15.83 inches, and the average number of wet days ninety-three. The wettest year was 1864, when 28.30 inches fell, and the driest 1862, with 9.63 inches.

"On the Barometric Fluctuations in Squalls and Thunderstorms," by the Hon. Ralph Abercromby, F.M.S. There are two classes of storms in this country: in one the barometer rises, in the other it falls. The author in the present paper only refers to the former. After mentioning some of the phenomena which accompany storms of this class, he proceeds to give two instances as typical of their general character. In conclusion, he makes the following remarks on their origin: Though in this country squall-storms are almost always associated with primary or secondary cyclones, those in India and Africa are not connected with cyclones, and hence the source of the barometric rise cannot be due to any special phenomenon of cyclone motion. Since the rise is always under the visible storm, it is propagated at the same rate, and in the same manner as thunderstorms. Enough is known of the course of the latter to be certain that they are not propagated like waves or ripples, and hence these small barometric rises are not due to aerial waves, as has sometimes been suggested. Since the general character of the rise is the same whether there is thunder or not, it is evident that electricity, even of that intensity which is discharged disruptively, is not the cause of the rise. If we look at a squall from a distance, we always see above it cumulus, which is harder and more intense in the front than in the rear of the squall. Since cumulus is the condensed summit of an ascensional column of air, it is evident that the barometric rise takes place under an uptake of air. If we consider further that a light ascensional current would give rise simply to an overcast sky, a stronger one to rain, while a still more violent one would project the air suddenly into a region so cold and dry that

the resulting electricity would be discharged disruptively as lightning, the foregoing observations show that the greatest rise is under the greatest uptake. Some meteorologists attribute the low pressure at the equator to the ascending current formed at the junction of the trades, while others attribute the 10 A.M. maximum of the diurnal range of the barometer to the reaction of an ascending column of air due to the increasing heat of the day. The above observations tend to strengthen the view that an ascending column of air gives rise to a reactionary pressure downwards, and more generally to the idea that though the total pressure shown by the barometer is principally statical, or due to the weight of a definite column of air, a small portion is dynamical, or due to the reaction of air motion in that column.

"Notes on Solar Radiation in its relation to Cloud and Vapour," by J. Park Harrison, M.A., F.M.S.

Mr. Scott also exhibited and described Lowe's Graphic Hygrometer.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY (Friday, June 18).

DR. J. A. H. MURRAY in the Chair. Mr. Henry Jenner, of the British Museum, read a paper on the Manx language, in which he gave a short sketch of its grammar, comparing it with the Gaelic of Ireland and Scotland, and an account of the scanty literature of ballads and carols (with a list of all printed Manx books, amounting to about twenty-five), and of the translations of the Bible and Prayer-book. He then traced the gradual decline of the language from the seventeenth century to the present time, chiefly by quotations from Camden, Speed, Challoner, Bishop Wilson, and others, and ended with an account of the present state of the language, including the result of a paper of statistical questions sent by him to the clergy of the Isle of Man last autumn, from which it appeared that the Manx speakers now amount to nearly one-third of the present population, and those who know no English to about 200. Mr. Fennell read a paper on the "Triple Gradation of A in Gothic."

FINE ART.

Memoir of the Life of William Müller. By H. Neal Solly. (London: Chapman & Hall, 1875.)

THE common saying about the unhappiness of the man who has a biographer may be repeated with very special emphasis in the case of the artist. And English artists have, for the most part, fared even worse than their brethren in the matter of biographers. There are, of course, exceptions, but in the main the business of recording an English artist's life and work has fallen either into the hands of a mere book-maker, who has probably failed to be picturesque, and has certainly failed to be critical, or of some gushing friend, who, starting on the assumption that the artist's work was supreme work, has withheld from us no trivial circumstance, and so, instead of presenting us with an ordered essay, in which the man's life and achievement was estimated in relation to his time, has merely emptied into a gaudy volume the ill-digested contents of a memorandum book. These things—and the last especially—are not literature, for literature is not that which is written, but that which is written on high impulse or with a fine carefulness. And who is there that has done for a great English artist what Mr. Brooke has done for a great English preacher?

Mr. Neal Solly is not new to the task of

biography. He gave us David Cox's life, some couple of years ago. He wrote that with the enthusiasm of an ardent admirer, telling in much detail the very simple story of David Cox's career and broadly extolling his work. He tells us William Müller's story, with what seems something less of personal enthusiasm. Nor is this to be wondered at; for though the life-work of Müller and of Cox have certain resemblances in energy, rapidity, decisiveness, that of Cox has an individuality, perhaps in truth greater, certainly more easily noted and loved, and the charm too, of work devoted for the most part (as in a more restricted field the not less noble work of De Wint) to bringing to us vividly the value of everyday scenes and of common hours.

But what was lacking to the memoir of Cox is lacking also to the memoir of Müller. The record is an outward one: telling in full what a biographical dictionary might tell in brief, but giving us not much fresh insight into the work: scarcely much, indeed, into the character. The deficiency is due to no want of pains; but rather to a want of continuity of thought. The book is not fruitful in suggestions. There is some little technical criticism; but of aesthetic criticism, next to none. It is a fairly interesting chronicle of outward life.

Müller—since I am here in the same way to tell his story—was born in Bristol on June 28, 1812, so that there is nothing but the accident of an early death to remove his art from the side of that of men now living; for when he began to paint, in 1830, Constable's work was done, and the greatest of Turner's, Cotman's and De Wint's; and David Cox, who developed slowly, was approaching his later manner. Müller's associates in travel and study were entirely modern men. He went to Germany and Italy with Mr. George Fripp: to Lycia with Mr. Harry Johnson for a pupil. He was the child of a German, settled in Bristol, and of an Englishwoman whom the elder Müller had married, and his first work was done under the eye of J. B. Pyne—then living in Bristol, at St. Michael's Hill. The connexion with Pyne did not, however, last long, though its influence may probably be traced in many of the younger artist's works. It was the earliest of many influences by which Müller was to be in some degree swayed. In 1831 he went visiting in Norfolk, and copied drawings of John Sell Cotman, being "delighted," as Mr. Solly tells us, "with their breadth, simplicity, and sacrifice of details to the general effect." Some few years afterwards Müller met Cotman at dinner in London, and Mr. George Fripp, who was present, remembers his telling the Norfolk painter how much he felt he owed to him. Müller fell next under the influence of Constable, or, rather, of his work; and Constable's influence, tending after all in the same direction as Cotman's, is to be traced more or less to the end of the younger artist's career. First in landscape, and then in interiors with figure subjects, in both oil and water-colour, did Müller display something of that command of *chiaroscuro* which Constable himself, as his often-quoted words declare, reckoned the greatest of his possessions. "Though my pictures should

have nothing else," he said, "they shall have *chiaroscuro*."

Supported, then, and confirmed, rather than started, in methods of treatment congenial to him, Müller at length settled definitely to his work, subject from the first to the usual bad treatment at the hands of the Royal Academy. He had early moved to London, for the sake of the opportunities it offered for his progress, but the landscapes of the Bristol district—many of his favourite village of Whitechurch—were painted for the most part during flying visits made subsequently to his friends in the West. His work, it may be noted here, was always rapid. In three days he could finish an important picture: in an hour he could finish, so far as finish was ever intended, a sketch in water-colour: and, broadly speaking, he may be said to have been almost our last pure sketcher. It is no result of the mere rapidity of his work—for Cox would sometimes work as rapidly, and De Wint was often content with a treatment more simple—that his pictures and drawings speak more to the eye than the mind. That they do so is the consequence of his temperament and character. What he saw in nature we see in his pictures: aspects striking or brilliant, rather than enduringly suggestive.

He had been, in his early manhood, to Switzerland and Italy, and later (charged with a commission from Mr. Graves, the printseller) to the towns and castles which were the cradle of the Renaissance in France: Amboise and Blois, Chambord and Chenonceaux. From this second foreign journey resulted *The Age of Francis the First*: a reproduction of many water-colours made by him at the places named: water-colours now scattered about various private collections. A third foreign journey, undertaken within a year or two of his death, just before middle-age, was fruitful in sketches made in the maturity of his power; and these sketches—the series made when he accompanied the expedition to Lycia—are for the most part in the hands of one collector—Mr. John Henderson, of Montagu Street, Bloomsbury. Had Müller's life been prolonged, many of them would doubtless have served as preparations for pictures of greater individual importance, but executed as they were to his own satisfaction, and at a time when he had the fullest command of his means, they are now of singular value, and will probably always be accepted as more characteristic than those earlier ones produced in the neighbourhood of his birthplace, though these, says his biographer, "have a quiet peaceful charm of their own—silvery, low in tone, and broad—different in truth from any others."

An artist great in sentiment and imagination Müller probably was not, but he was great in virtue of executive power and of unique devotion to his art. His idea of a holiday was a week's absence sketching in North Wales, when that country, the favourite summer-ground of so many painters, was desolate with winter; and there can be little doubt that he shortened his life by his excessive persistence in work. The Lycian journey, with its strange experiences and adventures, fatigued him, and soon after his return he began visibly to fail. The most

interesting chapter in the volume of his memoir is that contributed by Mr. John Harrison, a Bristol surgeon of repute and amateur artist of much enthusiasm; and it is Mr. Harrison's good fortune to be able to relate from personal knowledge much about Müller's method of work and much about his temperament, impulsive, impatient and generous, and, finally, a touching story of his last days. When health had begun to fail him, commissions flowed in. Happily, he did not urgently require the money their execution would have brought: he had always enough for his simple needs as a bachelor. But, nevertheless, if he had not been to the last high-spirited and courageous, he must have felt when success was coming, and health and life going, something of what Constable had bitterly expressed—"Of what use is recognition now? It has come too late. There is no one to share it." Let us hear Mr. Harrison:—

"He continued gradually to fail: two attacks of hæmorrhage induced alarming prostration: still he painted. A few days before he died I was with him. He had received some flowers from a friend that morning—red and white carnations, fuchsias, yellow St. John's wort, and purple and blue flowers made up the bouquet. He separated them with his long thin fingers, and said to me, 'Let us arrange a chord of colour.' He placed them in his sketching water-bottle, and we moved each flower so as to arrange an harmonious whole. 'We must have some carmine,' he exclaimed. It was sent for from a neighbouring shop. All the while, though really tremblingly weak, he was as usual full of spirits. He said, 'when the carmine comes, we will have a stunning effect.' The colour came, and we arranged the little picture exactly as we wished; he made a rapid outline and began to paint, much as he did out of doors, with a common camel-hair pencil, putting in at once each separate leaf and flower, and, when dry enough, sharpening out in the old way. I stayed till it was done: perhaps an hour. It was a lovely thing, and differed from ordinary flower-painting in its subdued colour, thoughtful pictorial effect, and in its power. This small water-colour drawing, about ten inches by seven, was his last. The next day or two he painted in oil on a small millboard the well-known flower picture: still one more day, and an unfinished fruit piece. While his palette was being set for him, he fell back and died."

The circumstance narrated and Mr. Harrison's personal experience give to this passage a kind of interest one could hardly expect in the work of Mr. Solly. But in his work one might reasonably expect something of better arrangement, as well as of higher criticism. The volume, in outward appearance, is sumptuous, not tasteful, and the text is accompanied by illustrations which, like those in the *Life of David Cox*, will not encourage the beholder to know more of the artist. They are undeniably bad.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE BLACK AND WHITE EXHIBITION.

THE third of this series of exhibitions opened at the Dudley Gallery on June 14. It contains a considerable number of very skilful works, sent by artists of repute. In especial, those which have served as illustrations to *The Graphic* have a force and *aplomb* not a little surprising; the artists seem to conceive their subjects, and to set them before their eyes, and then put them into shape executively, with the most entire directness, and unflinching competence. We may cite as ex-

amples the *Ploughing Match* by Mr. Small; and various specimens by Mr. Herkomer—the guillotine-subject from Victor Hugo's *Quatre-vingt Treize*; the *Salt-Mine, Bavaria, Going down*; *A Wirthaus*, &c. The *Stained-Wood Decorations* by the last-named artist, painted in brown on a light-tinted wood, are also talented works. Each of the two panels represents a herdsman, with sentiment that might be appropriate to the parable of the Prodigal Son.

Of severe preparatory study—the sort of material which would in the long run be the most fitting for an exhibition of this sort—there is not much here; and of ideal or exalted subject-matter scarcely anything. *Prometheus bringing Mortals a Light*, by Mr. H. A. Kennedy, seems to promise something in this line; but, when we note that it is “designed to surround a tobacco-jar,” we perceive that the Grecian mythology is less concerned in this invention than the practices and jocosities of smokers. The loftiest subject in the collection is that of Mr. Cave Thomas, *The Fate of Benefactors*—a drawing in red chalk, for the name of “black-and-white” is not absolutely or without exception accurate. This represents allegorically the persecutions, obstructions, and taunts, to which a reformer, or “messenger of truth” is subjected: two of his opponents are laying a cord to trip up his advancing feet; but he steps upon it, and passes on unflinching. The reformer is a young man, with a countenance not much unlike Shelley's, but of stronger mould: a star is above his head: he holds a pair of compasses, and a roll of paper. There is much matter in this composition, and many various actions. The most ideal of subjects, however, would be not incompatible with naturalism in feature and action, and of this quality Mr. Thomas has not given us much.

Three of the leading exhibitors are Frenchmen—Lhermitte, Legros, and Bida. Lhermitte is extremely prolific in subjects of peasant-life, old streets, time-scarred buildings, and the like: a tone of sadness or of life-weariness mingles with picturesque perception in his work, which is always on a high level technically. *A Corner of a Market-place, Brittany: A Brittany Beggar: A Street in Dauphiné*, may be particularly cited. *Un Mendiant de Bruges* is a fine specimen of Legros; the expression of the elderly man in the corner, and the sway in the forms of the two cloaked women kneeling, being given with simple mastery. The etching, *Portrait de Thomas Carlyle*, is a different likeness from the one (wearing a hat) which we noticed lately in the Bond Street Gallery; less striking, but also very good. Bida is a finished and exact executant in chalk, and he gets up his biblical scenes with considerable propriety, but falls a longish way short of inspiration. *Paix à cette Maison*, representing a Christian disciple or missionary entering a house, and saluting its inmates, is of his best quality. Other foreign artists represented on these walls are—Jules Jacquemart, *The Holy Family, after Jordaens*, and *Le Liseur, after Meissonier*, etching; Huiber, *Encore sans Lunettes*, and other study-heads of old persons of both sexes, done for the sake of being funny, and with the effect of being ignoble, yet not unsuccessful in their way; Mongin, *La Partie Inégale, after Vibert*, etching; Rajon, *Portrait of the Rev. James Martineau, after Watts*, etching; Emile Lévy, *Vénus à la Ceinture*, a pretty enough pencil-drawing; Bauerle, *Dear Baby*, charcoal; Flameng, *La Ronde de Nuit, after Rembrandt*, etching; Wolf, *The Duel*—two male swans combating, as claimants for a female, which appears further off; a fine design full of knowledge, though some of the animal-draughtsmen who have come forward of late years may have gone further in strength of hand, as especially Mr. Heywood Hardy and Mr. Briton Rivière. By the first of these artists is *The Poisoned Arrow*, wherewith a leopard has been struck. The raging beast, his face and limbs contracted with pain, is tugging at the missile with his teeth. *Midnight Assassins*, by Mr. Rivière, has a singularly strange

outlandish aspect. Two lionesses, with a lion close in their wake, are attacking a giraffe—three other giraffes, safe as yet, scud away in the background. Another animal-designer who shows to advantage is Mr. Elwes, author of a pen-and-ink drawing named *Members of a Royal Family, Lion-cubs born in the Zoological Gardens in 1872*. *Nemesis*, by the same artist, represents an ancient lion, at his last gasp, still prowling, and encountering a vulture: he looks at the vulture, and the vulture at him, each with a grim forecast of the immediate future. Mrs. Blackburn portrays *The Raven*: the bird has issued from Noah's ark, and is flying along over the victims of the deluge—a man, a hyaena, a horse hideously swollen.

An exhibition of this kind does not greatly lend itself to detailed criticism: it lacks prime importance in subject-matter, and special novelty or seriousness in artistic form. When we have commended the skill of one exhibitor, or the tact of another, we have said the most of what needs saying. We shall therefore run rapidly through the remaining works.

Brewtnall, *Quavers*, an old man playing the flute. F. G. Walker, *Deuteronomy*, ch. xxiv., v. 19—an old woman and girl gleaning; a somewhat large work, made as forcible as the artist can manage. Mrs. Edward Hopkins, *Après le Dîner*, and other subjects of infants performing the acts of adults; this is at best a cheap sort of humour, but Mrs. Hopkins excels in it, and hits the taste of good-natured papas and mammas in a marked manner. R. W. Macbeth, *Old Friends*, a milkmaid and her cow, good in tone. George McCulloch, *Pencil Sketches of models, draped and undraped, drawn on a small scale with taste and nicety*. James Macbeth, *Leaving the Salon, Paris, 1875*, a true representation of a mob of people hurrying off in a fierce shower of rain; *Arranging the Sculpture Gallery at the Salon*. Hayllar, *All the Year Round, and Once a Week*; these punning titles indicate designs of an elderly mechanic working at his grindstone, and on Sunday dozing in a pew; very clever and well-completed sepia drawings, termed “mezzotint” in the catalogue. F. W. Lawson, *Jane Eyre's Flight*—she is lying exhausted in a swamp. Leslie, *The Ferryman's Daughter*, rather a silly affair, hardly vindicating the initials “A. R. A.” appended to Mr. Leslie's name. W. Britten, *Sketch in the Hayfield*, two women in the costume of the opening years of the present century. Westlake, *Cartoon after a Painting in the Church of St. Francis, Notting Hill*—Christ carrying his cross, and encountering the Maries; a moderately good design in the accepted “religious” style—better, at any rate, than another drawing by the same gentleman of the Assumption of the Virgin. Clausen, *At the Altar of our Lady*. Sandys, *Breydon Water, Norfolk*, one of the really fine things in the gallery; a simple and beautiful drawing of a flat shore and its buildings. Ditchfield, *Study of Rocks*, also a truly able performance. Raven, *The Monk's Walk*, large and striking. Arthur Severn, *Moonlight near Mitcham*. T. R. Macquoid and Percy Macquoid, various studies of trees, leafy and leafless, and other rural material; the one by Mr. Percy Macquoid named *Watching* is more particularly elegant and complete. Colin Hunter, *Shrimping*—a sheeny sea-shore, with the waves advancing and receding; the sound and the hush of them are almost made perceptible to the ear through the eye. Aumonier, *The Thames at Great Marlow, Evening*, large and effective, the white river twisting its way amid the dark stretch of land: this view has been executed in colours. Alfred Parsons, “*Preserved*,” *Longleat Park*, a good pen-and-ink study of tree-trunks. R. Farren, *A Pastoral, Fen Cattle*, a sepia drawing, of orange-brown tinge.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

A PERSON who has not seen this exhibition in the Royal Albert Hall and adjacent galleries could with difficulty be convinced by words how utterly

worthless it is. Upwards of a thousand works of one class and another are displayed, yet there is next to nothing to look at. Only one picture—and that an uncatalogued one—comes near to being remarkable; the *Margaret in Walpurgis Night* by Gabriel Max. To this work a gold medal was awarded at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873. Max is evidently (as our readers may have gathered when we lately described his *Head of Christ*) one of those painters who work for effect, and who, having determined to do some particular thing, care very little whether the means are “legitimate” or otherwise, but only about making their intention strongly felt. The *Margaret* arrests you at once by its deathly still dreadfulness, and the impression intensifies as long as you remain before it. Besides the wraith of the deserted girl, with the mark of the knife across her throat, the eye has little to rest on, save the dark dim background, three ominous ravens, and the vast shadow of a hand along a hill, presumably the hand of Mephistopheles.

Here we might leave off, for there is really nothing else of a prominent kind. We will however mention as comparatively noticeable—Schaeffels, *Sinking of the Vengeur at the Battle of Aboukir*; Jundt, *Young Mother surprised by a Storm*; Oswald Achenbach, *View between Ceperano and Sara, on the Roman Neapolitan Coast*; C. H. Léon, *The Conversion of St. Hubert*; *The Invasion*, representing cattle and goods driven from a burning village; Cleynhens, *An Inn in the Sixteenth Century*; Junck, *The Travelling Tinman*; Beinke, *Gathering Wild-flowers*; Charles Gussow, *Spectators awaiting the Return of the German Army, 1871*, forcible, real, but low in its realism; Emile Lévy, *L'Amour et la Folie*; W. J. R. Bond, *The Fishing Flat, Schevening*; Weisschhaus, *Italian Peasant Women going to Market* (water-colour); Thomas Pritchard, *Valley of Rocks, Ross-shire* (ditto); Teyssonnière, *St. Bruno refusing the Presents of Roger*, an able etching; J. de Brackeleer, *A Happy Family*, a pretty terra-cotta group of a mother and two children; E. Trombetta, *The First Steps*, a boy and a chicken, marble statuette. One of the most unsightly of modern sculptures, yet not wanting in a certain sort of cleverness, is a group of two newspaper-boys which stands thus described in the catalogue—apparently with a well-grounded conviction that low art may be made a paying concern: “Focardi, J., Italy. Plaster Group, *I'm first, Sir*. Reproduced in marble, same size, price 2,000*l.*; ditto, half-size, price 1,000*l.*, copyright reserved.”

We quit the International Exhibition with a hearty hope that its managers may be persuaded that by this time they have reached the lowest depth to which even their endeavours can attain; that the art of sinking is therefore exhausted; and that the next thing to be compassed is either a very greatly improved collection, or else (and this would perhaps be now the better alternative) the relinquishment of their project. The “London Annual International Exhibition of Fine Arts” has become an annual exposure of incapacity; and will hereafter, if repeated on the like footing as in the year 1875, be a mere fatuity, a trifling with the public patience.

W. M. ROSSETTI.

ETRUSCAN ANTIQUITIES—TARQUINII AND CAERE.

Rome: May 31.

The Necropolis of Tarquinii (or Tarquinia), near Corneto, and that of Caere (the Pelasgic Agylla), near Cervetri, may be easily visited from Rome, both being approached by railway. Corneto and Cervetri lie in a region of hills and vales, picturesque though mournful and wild-looking, which bounds the solitary Maremma north-westward from the metropolis. On a recent visit to those sites I ascertained that research and discovery have not ceased; that present authorities, amid the many archaeological claims on their attention, have not forgotten the arts and monuments of Etruscan

antiquity, that much has been accomplished, at Tarquinii more than anywhere else within late years, to excavate and preserve the precious contents of tombs from decay or oblivion. A museum has been formed within the last six months at Corneto, in which all minor objects of value discovered in tombs since then have been placed; and though it is more interesting to see such things *in situ*, it is much easier to study and estimate them in the halls where, as ordered by the Corneto magistracy, they are now well kept and classified. An easy walk from the mediæval city now decayed and thinly peopled, but itself worthy of a visit, brings us to the regions of unenclosed uplands, divided by a wide, desolate, and uninhabited valley, through which flow two torrents, from the still higher plateaus once occupied by the Etruscan city; and here we may now descend into seventeen subterranean tombs of that vanished race, into all which the custode admits us by the keys of modern doors properly provided for security. All are more or less enriched with artistic adornments—wall-paintings of banquets, funerals, games, the dance, the chariot-race, &c.; and, in a few instances, life-size figures of the dead, reclining on massive sarcophagi as at a feast, with garlands round their necks and tazze for wine in their hands. Of these sepulchral chambers, several celebrated for their wall-paintings have been opened in, or since, the year 1873, and therefore were beyond the range described in the otherwise exhaustive and admirable book by Mr. Dennis. I was sorry to find, however, that not a few of these lately discovered tombs have been again filled with earth in consequence of the want of means or inclination for immediately prosecuting labours on the spot; and it is tantalizing to look down on the freshly turned soil without being able to see what others have so lately inspected. From one of these now closed tombs has been extracted a large sarcophagus, now to be seen at Corneto, with some ornamental reliefs, and an epitaph in the ancient language still so little intelligible even to the most learned enquirers. Only a small portion of the Tarquinian tombs are now to be visited from among the many which have either disappeared or are now closed and filled up because containing no noticeable works of art. Signor Avvalta, a great discoverer, who began his researches about 1823 in the neighbourhood of Corneto, reports of 2,000 tombs, and conjectures that the entire cemetery may have contained in ancient times about two million sepulchres. I need not follow in the steps of the learned author, whose *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria* may be cited as an authority; but those hypogæa, the ingress to which has been discovered since he wrote, are yet comparatively unknown, save to archaeological circles at Rome, and may therefore be considered as a new subject to most readers. The first discovered among the Tarquinian tombs was that now called "Grotta del Cardinale," penetrated by chance in the year 1699, reopened by our countryman, Mr. Byres, about 1760; again explored and made accessible by a cardinal, Garraupi (hence its popular name) in 1780, and reported of by Micali in 1808. Interesting in the highest degree among those latest reopened is a spacious tomb, one of the largest in the Tarquinian necropolis, called from a conspicuous painting on its rocky walls, Tomba (or Grotta) del Polifemo. On first entering we might fancy ourselves in an immense dark cavern, but the torchlight soon enables us to perceive details like architecture—two massive square pilasters supporting a rock-hewn vault, and numerous paintings, large figures and groups, on the walls; also a few busts and other remnants of sculpture, laid on a ledge, in the dark-hued *venfro* stone. The picture whence this tomb has had the name now arbitrarily given to it, is by no means the finest among the many here before us, and represents Ulysses putting out the eyes of the hideous Polyphemus,

whose distorted face and huge figure are distinctly seen; of the Ulysses little remains except the arms and the long pole which he wields against the disabled Cyclops. More striking and imaginative is another picture of a colossal demon with serpents coiling around his head, the terrific face seen in profile—an example of the ideal of infernal agents in which the ancient Etruscans anticipated the mediæval Christian notion. As if with intentional contrast to this, the figure of a young woman is painted on the wall, at an angle with the demoniac subject; her face, also shown in profile, is most beautiful, her graceful head adorned with a garland and with long curls flowing down the cheeks—her loveliness such as indeed is rarely seen in the range of Etruscan art; so calm, so pure and placid! Near another angle is a mysterious and also finely-conceived group of a young warrior seated, mournful in mien and attitude, and a terrific demon standing before him, while brandishing against him a huge serpent. Above the former figure, which has a certain heroic nobleness, an expression of stern resignation, is the name in Etruscan form and characters of Theseus—the subject, therefore, may be explained as the punishment of that legendary hero in the lower world for his attempt, with Pirithous, to carry off Persephone. The inscribed name is here easily recognised from its resemblance to the Greek, as in the case of the Polyphemus and Ulysses, both with their Etruscan names above the figures. Not far from this we see a contrasted and pleasing group of two figures: a winged Genius, ferocious in type, conducting, we may suppose, to the Elysian realm a young man who calmly follows, holding a vase in his right hand; this latter is a nude figure with downcast head and graceful pose, resembling the Antinous in the Capitoline Museum, and not only through analogies of form and attitude, but with expression like that marked by pensive sadness in the statue of this Bithynian youth, the favourite of an Emperor. Among the busts found in this tomb are some (in *venfro*) of expressive character, though but rudely executed. The other recently-opened sepulchres in the Tarquinii Necropolis have received names (now popular) from certain subjects occurring among the many paintings on their walls. I may mention them in the order in which they are now shown. The "Tomb of the Dying," in which we see a picture of a woman on her deathbed, attended by mourners, and another more strikingly natural scene of an aged man laid out in death by a youth and a maiden, who are clothing the corpse in a garb like that of a Franciscan friar, with cowl over the head. The "Tomb of the Chase" is so called from a picture with small figures of horsemen, some racing, others chasing wild animals. The "Tomb of the Trigæ" contains, among other pictures, one of a chariot-race in which two chariots, drawn each by three horses, appear, the style and execution somewhat similar to that of the preceding tomb. The "Tomb of the Polcinello" is so called from the figure of a person whose office might have been like that of the Court fools of later ages, in a sort of harlequin costume, with high peaked cap like the mumming figures seen in Italian carnivals, this hero of absurdity having his place among dancers and others engaged in various games—perhaps at a state funeral attended with such gay celebrations.

The "Tomb of the Old Man" (*del Vecchio*) contains a picture of a banquet, at which a loving couple are regaling themselves, reclining at table *vis-à-vis*, the aged husband receiving the caresses of his very young wife, who strokes him under the chin—the accessories and service of the feast indicating luxury. In the "Tomb of the Vases" we find another banquet scene, more spirited and better preserved than the former, in which, also, a married pair are reclining at table, with such display of festal pomp, plate, viands, &c., as indicate affluence and good cheer in high life. On the wall at an angle with that where this group is seen, is

the object from which the tomb is now named; a stand in different compartments on which are placed several vases, the larger painted with red and black figures, such as adorn the terra-cotta vessels of the Etruscans, often with characteristics of superior art—the domestic use of these precious vases being here illustrated. In the museum at Corneto the following objects struck me most, and may be particularised from among others of more or less intrinsic value:—*Bronze*: An embossed shield with an ox-head vigorously wrought in high relief at the centre of the disk, the type of that animal partaking somewhat of the human, but whether this be indicative of any mythological fantasy, or a whim of the artist, I cannot say. *Terra cotta*: A large vase, with figure, red on black ground, of a Genius (or warrior) conducting to Hades (or rescuing from it) perhaps Hercules and Alcestis; a veiled woman who follows has evidently more than human guides. A group of Bacchus and Sylvanus, black on a red ground, adorning a smaller vase. A vase, the largest and finest here (found in June, 1874), is adorned with red figures on a black ground—in the centre of the inner side a single figure of a warrior (the Etruscan Mars?) with a shield, the device on which is a lion; on the outside, a finely conceived and well designed procession of Deities with their respective attributes and the names written above in Etruscan mixed with Greek letters—i.e., Zeus (enthroned, his eagle beside him), Athena, Hermes, Hebe, Dionysos, a Satyr, Thetis, Ares, Aphrodite, Hestia, Gaumede: all these standing, the figure of Zeus alone seated. A certain dignity, at least individuality, distinguishes all in this Olympian group. The Aphrodite is fully draped, as she appears in earlier Greek art before Praxiteles. Near the figure of Hestia is inscribed the name of him who designed, and near to this that of the practitioner who painted from the artist's original, this large and beautiful vase, the gem of the Corneto collection, and unquestionably one of the most precious in the whole countless series of such Etruscan objects. The Greek influence appears most distinctly in this example, and leaves (I think) no doubt as to the source from which this finest Etruscan art received its inspiration. Among mirrors with graffiti in this museum, the two most noticeable are adorned with well-designed groups of the Judgment of Paris, and a youth serving a shepherd, before whom stands a winged Goddess—some version, or episode, probably, of the competition for the prize of beauty. The cabinet of jewels and gold ornaments in this museum contains many small but precious objects; the engraved gems, of minute scale, being indeed treasures of their kind.

In the wildly romantic, rock-bound glen below the little town of Cervetri, a multitude of tombs have their openings, regularly formed doorways with flat lintels, on the rocky surfaces hewn (in many instances) into some architectural form, or at least with the plain ornamentation of cornices and mouldings cut in the native tufa-stone. Here we find ourselves in the Necropolis of Caere, where the first researches, rewarded by valuable treasure-trove, were made in 1829 by the arch-priest of the town (Regolini) and a general named Galassi, and where were opened several important tomb-chambers between 1836 and 1846. I was disappointed at my last visit to this place, in that nothing new to me had been added to the range of accessible antiquities; but was nevertheless glad to learn that research has been pursued, and certain results obtained during late years in this necropolis, as well as at Tarquinii. The Caere tombs are less numerous, so far as hitherto made known; but the ground has been far less worked than that near Corneto. The richest ornamental objects, gold, jewellery, &c., found near the former place, are now in the Vatican Museum. A number of tumuli, almost like natural mounds, grass-grown and shaded by forest trees, add a picturesque feature to the glen below Cervetri;

these yet await the *scavi* that might reveal their funeral recesses, and their perhaps precious contents. The tombs recently opened near Cervetri have been (so far as I could ascertain) again closed, or left neglected, after the removal of their precious contents. At Corneto I secured the services of an intelligent cicerone, acquainted with and able to explain all that is of salient character in the adjacent Necropolis. But in the impoverished town (little more than a village) of Cervetri, I had only the guidance of a peasant, who just knew what doors were to be opened with the keys in his charge, and whose report as to all recently discovered sepulchres on that site was summed up in two words: *aperto, riturato*, "opened, stopped up again." I found one among the most famous and memorable of those Caere sepulchres, the so-called "Tomb of the Bassi Rilievi," which the Marchese Campana discovered in 1850, to such extent inundated that I could only enter it barefooted, and explore it wading almost knee-deep in very cold stagnant water. The sculptured adornments of this spacious tomb consisted of numerous reliefs (all originally coloured) representing weapons, shields, greaves, implements of war and sacrifice, besides things for domestic and culinary use and certain emblems of deities—*e.g.*, the goose of Persephone—also other animals, as the dog, the cat, the lizard, and ox-heads with wreaths between their horns. Over a sepulchral couch for two bodies is a more remarkable subject, representing a seated demon (or Pluto) holding a serpent in one hand, an implement like a steering oar in the other, with the Etruscan Cerberus crouching before him. The other sepulchral recesses are provided each with a double stone cushion for the body, which must have been laid unconfined on the rocky bed. This extraordinary tomb has the architectural forms of a regularly constructed chamber, with two massive pilasters (or piers) supporting a roof divided into compartments and terminating like a Gothic vault. It is reached by a deep-descending staircase between high walls built of tufa blocks, and guarded by couchant lions chiselled in the same volcanic stone, one only of these figures being complete. The picturesque, silent and solitary, seems a suitable approach to such dark subterranean resting-places, sanctuaries of the long-forgotten dead—mysterious monuments of a long-vanished nationality, a once opulent civilisation, which has left so little to record its existence except the tomb. C. I. HEMANS.

ART SALES.

MR. ALBERT WAY'S collection of engravings and etchings was sold by Sotheby, Wilkinson and Hodge, last week. The best of the few engravings by Albert Dürer were bought by Mrs. Noseda. *The Virgin holding a Sceptre, with the Child in her arms, surrounded by a Glory*, sold for 14l. 15s.; the print known as *The Holy Family, with a Butterfly*, for 12l. 5s. There were about a hundred of the etchings of Rembrandt included in the sale, but comparatively few were impressions of a high class. An impression of *The Flight into Egypt, in the style of Elsheimer*, fell to Heusner and Lauser for 8l. 10s.; and to the same buyers *The Great Jewish Bride* fell for 18l. 2s. 6d. For 15l. a good impression of the subject known as *Rembrandt's Mill* passed into the hands of Messrs. Goupil.

On Monday Messrs. Christie, Manson and Woods sold many things in oil and water-colour from different private collections. One of David McKewan's effective interiors, *The Poet's Parlour, Knole*, passed into the hands of Mr. Garrett for 19l. 19s. A water-colour of Mr. Dante Rossetti's was sold for 47l. 5s., the purchaser being Mr. Agnew. A good Copley Fielding, *Ben Lomond*, was bought by the same dealer for 252l. There were two important water-colours of Turner's: one of them a subject engraved in the England and Wales series. This was the *Lyme Regis*, which

fell to Mr. Harrison for 409l. 10s. The second, *Brunnen and the Schweitz Mountains; Lake of Lucerne*, a fine example of Turner's later time, fell to Mr. Agnew's bid of 504l.

The oil pictures sold that day included a good example of Israels, *The Lonely Shepherd*; it realised 283l. 10s. *Falstaff's Own*, by Mr. Marks, the Academician, fetched 210l. A picture of Paul Falconer Poole's, *The Conspirators*, realised 241l. 10s. A work by J. Holland, *The Grand Canal, Venice*, was fortunate enough to reach the price of 346l. 10s. And, lastly, a Frederick Goodall, *Gateway at Cairo*, was sold for 174l. 6s.

Of the sale of Mr. Gladstone's collection, which began on Wednesday, and continues till this afternoon (Saturday), we shall give some notice in our next issue.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the South Kensington Museum has recently received a valuable collection of Persian porcelain, consisting of water bottles, bowls, vases, &c., from Teheran, and that a still larger collection is now on its way to England.

A LOAN exhibition of works of art is now on view at Southampton. The pictures are principally from the collections of the Earl of Portsmouth and Mr. Cowper Temple, and include examples of Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyke, Vandervelde, and other Dutch masters.

AN INTERESTING archaeological catalogue has just been published by Mr. John Brent, F.S.A., of the Egyptian, Grecian, and Anglo-Saxon antiquities preserved in the Museum at Canterbury.

HERR KÜSTHARDT, the German sculptor who executed the excellent copy of the Hildesheim Corona for the South Kensington Museum (see ACADEMY, Feb. 27, 1875), has recently published in the Hildesheim *Sonntagsblatt* an interesting account of that remarkable work. The Corona, it appears, was restored in 1818, a time when knowledge and taste in art matters were alike deficient, and many alterations, it is found, were then introduced marring the original effect. After minute examination, however, Herr Küsthardt has succeeded in distinguishing every portion of modern workmanship, and has arrived by this means at the meaning of much that has puzzled antiquarians in its peculiar arrangement of lights. He considers, moreover, that the niches in the open towers that have been supposed to have formerly held silver statuettes never really did so, for such an arrangement would have destroyed the effect of the perforated *à jour* ornamentation of the towers, though it is difficult to understand why, if the statues were never there, the names of certain characters should have been inscribed beneath the niches. But the great French architect, M. Viollet le Duc, agrees with Herr Küsthardt in thinking that these towers must originally have been intended for lanterns rather than temples, and certainly the effect of light streaming through their open spaces into the dim cathedral would have been far more beautiful than any other mode of lighting. The seventy-two sockets for candles, barbarously fastened with wooden screws right into the beautiful ornaments of the "battlements of the heavenly Jerusalem," supposed to be symbolised by these pinnacles, evidently never formed part of the intention of the original artist.

THE Bavarian Assembly in a recent sitting was occupied with several questions relating to art education, and in particular with the desirability of placing the art treasures in the national collections more within the reach of students by means of models, copies, and photographs. The Minister of the Interior has accordingly decreed—(1) that the casts and other reproductions taken from the statues and pictures in the Bavarian Museum, and educational establishments, shall be offered at a much lower price than formerly; and (2) that a comprehensive descriptive catalogue

shall be prepared as soon as possible of all the art objects in the Museum. Both chambers of the Assembly also made it their request that glass painting should be included among the other subjects of education in the programme of the Academy of Fine Arts.

WE have received a catalogue of "Works by George Cruikshank, produced from 1790 to 1875, consisting of upwards of eleven hundred examples, including oil paintings, water-colour drawings, and proof etchings." This is printed by "The Executive Committee for securing the Collection to the Nation," and is preceded by list of said committee, and a circular issued by them. We quote from this circular:—

"With a view to do honour to Mr. Cruikshank two committees were lately formed. By one it was proposed to offer him a testimonial in recognition of his services as an artist, and as a social reformer; while the other contemplated the purchase of his works for the country. To secure combined action, the promoters of the two movements met and coalesced; and on conferring with Mr. Cruikshank, found that the only form in which he would accept a testimonial was in the purchase of his collection for the nation. It was accordingly resolved to adopt measures for purchasing the collection, and for that purpose the executive committee was formed.

"The committee find that the collection, which embraces upwards of eleven hundred specimens, may be procured for 3,000l. To raise this amount, and so to preserve the more esteemed productions of Mr. Cruikshank's genius, the committee invite the co-operation of all lovers of art, and the public generally. The collection has been produced during the long period of seventy-six years—obtaining for the artist a celebrity almost unrivalled. Mr. Cruikshank has refined his art. By his satirical sketches he has exposed pretext, and swept from society and the statute-book many revolting abuses. While promoting humour he has strongly rebuked vice. His pencil has been the handmaid of morality, and his most playful designs have imparted wisdom. His illustrated publications have cheered the old and amused the young; while his cartoons have found admission where less attractive monitors had been repelled. His *One Pound Bank-Note*, his *Bottle*, and his *Worship of Bacchus*, stamp him as the most philanthropic artist of his age."

Admitting the full force of this praise of the veteran's labours in the cause of temperance, and agreeing quite as fully with the justice of rewarding the artist after a long and unrequited career by purchasing his collection for the nation, we will abstain from criticising the remaining portion of the circular, which speaks of Cruikshank being only second as an artist to Rembrandt! The interest of his works is the interest of contemporary delineation of manners, costumes, and passing events, these latter not always carefully depicted in his case, we fear—and the power of Cruikshank we acknowledge is the power of an acute observer and of an able satirist and humorist. The moral aspect of London life for fifty years is indelibly stamped on the woodcuts and etchings of Cruikshank. All honour to George Cruikshank!

Contributions to the Art Collection Fund should be made payable to the treasurer, George William Reid, Esq., of the British Museum, at the London and County Bank, Oxford Street, and addressed to him or to the Acting Secretary, Mr. W. E. Poole, at the Committee Rooms, 11 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W.

With regard to the works to be purchased, they include a number, especially at the early period of the life of the artist, of sketches and other original works; but the selection of mature etchings and woodcuts is not of course complete at all, even in respect to his best things. The illustrations to *Jack Shepherd* (Sheppard?) we have always thought, on the whole, the best series of works of that kind done by Cruikshank, and these we do not find among the proofs. Ordinary impressions of these may be easily added, however, and also all those for Hone's works on the Prince Regent and George IV. and the later *Omnibus* and other comic publications.

THE Prix de Salon seems again to have produced great dissatisfaction. French artists are almost unanimously of opinion that it was due to M. Georges Becker for his remarkable work representing Rizzpah driving the birds of prey from the dead bodies of her sons (described in *ACADEMY*, June 5), but the jury have not so awarded it. In a letter addressed to M. Becker in *L'Art* of last week, M. Paul Leroi, however, congratulates that young artist on not having attained the Prix and been sent to Rome. "Que seriez-vous allé y faire? Vous y cristalliser dans vos défauts et n'acquérir rien de ce qui vous manque pour compléter vos remarquables qualités appuyées sur le savoir le plus sérieux." On the other hand the proprietors of *L'Art* have had the "happy thought" of placing every year at the disposal of any artist, who, like M. Becker, shall distinguish himself by exceptional artistic talents at the Salon, a sum of 1,000 fr. to assist him in foreign travel and study in Italy, or any other country that he may desire. This sum *L'Art* now offers to M. Becker.

THE Künstlerhaus at Vienna has awarded its gold medal, as expected, to Hans Makart, not for his great subject of Anthony and Cleopatra on the Nile, but for a smaller work, *A Siesta in the Court of the Medici*. The other medals have been awarded to Victor Tilgner for his bust of Mdle. Wolter, and to Franz Lenbach for a portrait of the Baron Lephart.

A FINE picture by Domenichino, representing David with the head of Goliath, was stolen in March, 1871, from the little town of Fano, near Pesaro, on the Adriatic, of which it had been for more than two centuries the chief ornament. The Syndic of Fano, after an indefatigable search, has at last succeeded in recovering this treasure for his town, in a lamentable state it is true, but still not so far damaged as to be beyond hope of restoration. Several persons supposed to have been implicated in the theft have been examined, but have been acquitted. It will, no doubt, be extremely difficult to lay hands on the real originators of the robbery.

ON June 7 the Exhibition of industrial art products at Dresden was opened in the Curland-Palace with great éclat. The variety and excellence of the collection generally has apparently exceeded the expectations of the people of Dresden, who have shown a great interest in the preparation for and inauguration of the exhibition. The most celebrated schools of art from the ninth century downwards, and nearly all the best-known names in the domain of creative plastic and textile art are represented in the collection, which bids fair to prove one of the most interesting features of attraction at Dresden during the present year.

THE managing committee of the Chilean International Exhibition of 1875 has announced that among many other proposed prizes, a first-class medal and a sum of 250 pesos will be awarded for the best oil-painting exhibited by a foreigner, and a similar medal and 500 pesos for the best piece of statuary by a foreigner. In addition to these official awards the Intendente of Santiago, el Señor Vicuña Markaña, offers various prizes at his own expense for the best models, plans, and descriptions of founding, orphan, and other public asylums.

THE results of the excavations made at Pompeii on June 14 in the presence of the Dowager Queen of Sweden were unusually brilliant. In the first chamber that was opened, a number of women's ornaments were found, including a gold bracelet, a pair of silver earrings, besides a few pins and various objects which had probably belonged to the toilette, as small glass, alabaster, and other vases. Near them lay the bronze lock, hasps and setting of a casket, in which they had probably been deposited. In another chamber, apparently adapted for a triclinium, a bedstead was found similar to the one now in the National Museum at

Naples which excited so much attention at the time of its discovery; and in the same apartment two bronze vases were recovered in a very perfect condition.

THE French papers announce the discovery of a quarry of excellent lithographic stones in the forest of Montréal, near Nantua, which bid fair to rival those of Munich.

A MONUMENT to Théophile Gautier was inaugurated in the Montmartre cemetery on Thursday last. It is by M. Godebski, of the Academy of St. Petersburg, who gave his services gratuitously, and consists of a base of free-stone supporting a sarcophagus in Carrara marble, on which is seated a Muse of the purest Renaissance character, resting her arm on a medallion of the poet, which is said to be a striking likeness.

THE King of Bavaria has granted a sum of 56,400 florins for the purchase of works of art, to be divided as follows:—10,000 florins for an historical painting representing a deed of arms of a Bavarian regiment in the war against France, painted by Frank Adam; 10,000 florins for a war monument, executed by the sculptor Zambusch, to be set up in Augusta, to which sum the town of Augusta will add 30,000 florins; 24,000 florins for the completion of the paintings in the Catholic Church at Chiemsir; 6,000 florins for a monument recording the union of Lutherans and Reformers, to be placed in the Protestant Church of Kaiserslautern; 6,000 florins for the restoration of the old paintings in the Catholic Church of Kerrieden; 4,000 florins for those in the Protestant Church at Nordlingen; and 18,000 florins for a monumental fountain to be erected in the Maximilian-Platz at Bamberg.

A VERY important collection of works of art and art-industry belonging to the Freiherr von Minutoli, is to be sold at the end of this month in Germany. The collection formerly formed the chief part of the Museum at Liegnitz, but owing to various difficulties in its management that institution has been broken up, and Herr Minutoli now offers its contents to the public. A large number of interesting glass paintings, specimens of German and Venetian goldsmith's work, plastic works in marble, terra cotta, and bronze, antique glass, specimens of old pottery, in particular the celebrated Erfurt jug, and Oriental and other porcelain, besides many valuable paintings, are included in this sale.

THE Salon closed on Sunday last. During the forty-eight days it was open 139,070 persons were admitted by payment, and 371,361 gratuitously. The receipts showed a considerable falling off from last year.

THE STAGE.

The Ticket of Leave Man re-appeared on the Olympic stage, last Monday, after several years' absence, and it will probably be found that the piece retains a share of its old popularity. It is brought forward at the right time when London society, which delights in the class of entertainment given at the Court and the Prince of Wales's, is inclined to desist from playgoing, or at all events when the country visitors and others may be reckoned upon to support a drama which London society can hardly be expected to find amusing. The popularity of *The Ticket of Leave Man* is due to a wholesome moral and abundant surprises. It is, therefore, especially adapted to country tastes. There is little to say that has not been said before about the play itself. The cast has always been a strong one, and is strong now as on the first production of the piece. Mr. Henry Neville, as everybody knows, was the original hero; Mr. Horace Wigan, the original detective; and Miss Kate Saville—a niece of Miss Faucit's, then prominently before the public—was the original heroine. She gave place pretty quickly to Miss Lydia Foote, who came from the East or

from over the water, and made a reputation at once by her performance of her part, which she played, if our memory serves us, for a couple of hundred nights. That was about eleven years ago. Miss Foote is elsewhere; Mr. Wigan still, and permanently, a detective, but also in another place; and Mr. Neville alone is true to the Olympic and his part of Bob Brierly. All this, most people know, but few know that within a few months of the production of *The Ticket of Leave Man* in London it was produced at a provincial theatre—the Bristol Theatre—with a cast perhaps even stronger as a whole than the London cast, and, as was more the custom in those days, entirely different. Mr. William Rignold, whose rendering of the ruffianly brother in the *Two Orphans* only a little while since, at the Olympic, will not be forgotten, was Bob Brierly; he gave it an uncouthness that fitted the part though it was less pleasant than the hearty manliness of Mr. Neville. Mr. George Rignold—now, in his own line, a celebrity—played the detective. Miss Henrietta Hodson, whom since then London playgoers have seen much, was the Bristol Sam Willoughby—played then as now, in London, by Miss Farren; Mr. Coghlan was Green Jones, played in town by Mr. Soutar; and the Bristol May Edwards, the heroine of the piece, was Miss Kate Terry. Not a bad cast—that it will be admitted, for any theatre in town or country. It is true that the actors were not just then as famous as they were clever. But they managed, sooner or later, to become so.

THE benefit of Miss Guillon le Thière, who lent excellent service in the *New Magdalen* and other pieces, was to take place on Thursday at the Gaiety, when the *New Magdalen* was to be acted, and, after it, *Awaking* (from the French of *Marcel*), with Mr. Clayton in the part played at the Royalty by Mr. Lin Rayne, and Miss Roselle in that played at the Royalty by Miss Hollingshead.

A STRONG programme, thoroughly in accordance with Adelphi tastes, has been prepared for Monday at that theatre, when Mr. J. Clarke will take his benefit.

SIGNOR SALVINI's last nights are announced at Drury Lane. It is possible that he may appear at the Gaiety next season, along with Signor Rossi and Mme. Ristori.

MDLLE. DELAPORTE will, we hear, give her *comédies de salon* at Marlborough House this evening.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON will play both in comedy and burlesque on Friday next, on the occasion of her benefit, at the Globe.

THE first morning performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre was highly successful. *Sweethearts* was played, of course, by Mr. Coghlan and Mrs. Bancroft. It was followed by *A Happy Pair*—a light piece, which Miss Ellen Terry filled with pathetic expression. The performance, though in some sense an experiment and a *tour de force*, tended to confirm the reputation which Miss Ellen Terry has recently been at pains to preserve.

Round the World in Eighty Days will this evening close its career at the Princess's.

Le Procès de Voradieu, by M. Hennequin, has been given successfully at the Paris Vaudeville. It is played by a stronger group of actors than the Vaudeville has often been able to muster, and is said to be bright and witty.

MDLLE. BLANCHE BARETTA's *début* at the Français gave old playgoers nothing new to criticise. She appeared as Henriette in *Les Femmes Savantes*, a part in which she had previously been seen at the Odéon. Her performance at the Français was perhaps hardly as good as those she had given on the other side of the river. She will shortly appear in pieces which will be new to her, and it is then only that her qualifications for the Français can be properly judged, though the surroundings of a beginner at the Théâtre Fran-

çais are such that they sometimes have much such an effect on the aspect of his performance as that of the assembled pictures in the Academy upon a work previously glorious in the safe solitude of the studio.

Les Cinq Francs d'un Bourgeois de Paris is the name of the last light thing at the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques.

M. CHARLES MONSELET is something of a scholar, more of a wit, most of a *bon vivant*; and we see him, to some extent, as all three in his new little piece *L'Illote*, at the Théâtre Français. There is some good fooling in it. The scene is in Sparta, where one Chremès, a good follower of Lycurgus, is anxious for the fate of his young nephew, who has already perceived the excellence of a woman, and may at any moment discover the excellence of wine.

... "Fait grave et capital!

Chez Léandre a parlé la voix de la nature,
Hélas! Et je vais voir, pour peu que ceci dure,
En lui l'austérité fléchir sensiblement.

De plus, il me paraît incliner par moment
Vers l'attrait des festins. O Lycargue! ô Lycargue!
L'intéressant neveu que jour et nuit j'objurgue
Tourne à l'ivrognerie. A son dernier repas
Il but trois verres d'eau, c'est là le premier pas.
D'abord l'eau pure, et puis le vin pur. Il s'expose
A de réels dangers. ...

Pour en faire un sujet exemplaire, il faudrait
Le tableau d'un ilote abruti par l'orgie.
Mais, oui! c'est bien cela. ... Face immonde et
rougie.

Un ilote complet, bien à point, odieux,
D'une horreur salubre éclairerait ses yeux.
Il le faudrait aussi montrer à Fleur-de-Sauge,"—

Fleur-de-Sauge is the young woman of whose excellence Léandre has become aware. "Il le faudrait," donc, "aussi montrer à Fleur-de-Sauge,"—

"Afin qu'à cet aspect la petite restât
Dans la timidité conforme à son état.
C'est justement le jour qu'à Sparte nos éphores
Ont en grande appareil débouché les amphores
Et fait griser, ainsi que l'ordonnent nos lois,
Abominablement vingt ilotes de choix,
Vingt ivrognes gonflés des vins des côtes grecques,
Trébuchans et roulans, ronds comme des pastèques."

The *ilote* arrives, or rather he is a false one, who does as well for M. Monselet. He is from Athens, and by no means of opinion that wine is only good to excess now and then as a warning to the prudent. Léandre is given something to drink; so is Fleur-de-Sauge; after which that young woman dances a dance with Gnathon; and what use, then, is the following lesson which *L'Illote* had conveyed?

... "Il faut haïr encore

Tout ce qui charme Athènes et ce que Sparte ignore;
Tout ce qu'un peuple ardent, né sous les oliviers,
Voit naître et glorifie, et partout enviés,
Les arts triomphateurs, les beaux vers, les statues,
L'immortelle Vénus, les grâces peu vêtues,
La danse ionienne et les douces chansons."

The fooling is good, as far as it is M. Monselet's; and so is the acting, as far as it is Got's and Mdle. Reichemberg's.

MUSIC.

AUBER'S "HAYDÉE."

Of some forty operas which Auber composed, it would be remarkable that so very few are known in this country were it not for the well-known fact that the patrons of our opera houses care much less what than whom they hear, and it consequently answers the purpose of managers better to produce such threadbare works as *Norma*, *Somnambula*, *Lucresia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor* or *La Traviata*, than to go in search of novelties. By confining their répertoire chiefly to works in which opportunities are given for display to the popular soprano or tenor, and which at the same time every member of the orchestra knows nearly

by heart, both expense and trouble are saved in rehearsal; and, however much we may regret it, it would be unreasonable to expect that Mr. Gye or Mr. Mapleson would for the sake of art be at the trouble and expense of bringing out works which, however interesting to the musician, would fail in all probability to attract their fashionable supporters, and would most likely result in a loss. Of all Auber's works there are only four or five which are ever to be heard at our opera houses, and even these—with the exception of *Masaniello*, which is what the French call a "grand opera"—that is to say, sung throughout—are spoilt by the substitution of recitative for the spoken dialogue of the original, to say nothing of the inevitable damage to the works by the translation of the original French text into Italian. The best thanks of all who really love music for its own sake are therefore due to the managers of the Gaiety Theatre for the opportunities at present being afforded of hearing some of these charming and sparkling works not only in their original form, but, as has been previously said in these columns, presented with a completeness and perfection of *ensemble* that leave absolutely nothing to desire. No apology is necessary to our readers for recurring to this subject week after week, because each week presents some fresh novelty, and there is certainly no entertainment at present in London which has such claims upon the attention of musicians as these truly admirable performances.

Two of Auber's most charming comic operas—*Les Diamans de la Couronne* and *Le Domino Noir* had been previously produced at the Gaiety, and, beside the *Haydée* which was brought out last Saturday, *Fra Diavolo*, *Sirène*, and *La Part du Diable* are announced as in preparation. Such an opportunity will therefore be afforded of making acquaintance with the genius of one of the greatest French composers as has seldom before offered itself in this country.

Haydée is Auber's thirty-first opera. It was first performed at the Opéra Comique, Paris, on December 21, 1847, having been preceded by *La Barcarolle* and followed by *L'Enfant Prodigue*. The libretto, as with many of its composer's works, is from the pen of M. Scribe, and though perhaps on the whole hardly one of his best, contains good situations, and is by no means devoid of interest. Lorédan, the Venetian admiral, had in early life by cheating at dice ruined a companion of his, Andrea Donato, who in consequence committed suicide. Remorse preys upon Lorédan, who, as a partial reparation for the wrong he has done, has adopted Rafaela, the niece of Donato, and intends to marry her, and to leave her half his property, and the other half to the son of Donato if he can be found. Rafaela herself, however, loves a young man, Andrea, who, to be near her, enlists in Lorédan's ship, and when asked his other name, simply replies that he is going to make one. Lorédan himself is beloved by Haydée, a Greek slave whom he has bought to ensure her safety. One of his officers, Malipieri, who is jealous of him, finds him in a state of somnambulism, to which he is subject, and from his disjointed words, and from a written confession intended for young Donato, which, while still asleep he gives to Malipieri, the latter obtains possession of his secret. The young Andrea greatly distinguishes himself in a naval engagement, and being appointed by Lorédan as commander of a ship, confesses his second name to be Donato; and Lorédan discovers in him the youth whom he was seeking. Being made aware of his passion for Rafaela, he consents to their union the more readily as his intention of marrying Rafaela himself was not the result of affection, but simply of a desire to make reparation for the wrong he had done. On their arrival at Venice, Malipieri demands the hand of Rafaela for himself, and on Lorédan's refusal threatens him with exposure and shows him his own confession. Lorédan is still firm, and defies him to do his

worst. Haydée has overheard their conversation, and, confessing her love to her master, undertakes to save him. Meanwhile news has come that the supposed slave is a princess of Cyprus, and as Cyprus is now a part of the Venetian Republic, she is consequently a Venetian and free. She, however, refuses to leave him, and meeting Malipieri she tells him she knows his secret, and asks him to name the price of it. He offers to give her the paper if she will be his wife, and to save Lorédan. She consents. Having obtained the paper, she gives it to Lorédan, who has meanwhile been chosen as Doge; and Andrea meeting Malipieri kills him in a duel, thus releasing Haydée, to whom Lorédan (as may be anticipated) offers his hand.

The music of this work, though containing some charming numbers, is not as a whole in Auber's best vein. The opera can hardly be called "comic," except in the French sense of "opéra comique," that is, an opera with spoken dialogue. There is only one humorous part in *Haydée*—that of Domenico, the old servant of Lorédan; on the other hand, the whole part of Malipieri, and such portions as the sleep-walking scene in the first act, are serious rather than comic in their tone. Auber's unfailing stream of melody and piquancy of rhythm do not forsake him; but the sparkling vivacity of the *Diamans* or the *Domino Noir* is seldom to be found here. The opera nevertheless contains a few musical gems of the first water. Foremost among these is Haydée's song with chorus, in the second act "C'est la corvette," in which the effect of the *bouche fermée* for the chorus, so often abused in modern French music, is admirably employed. Very beautiful, too, are Andrea's song "Glisse, glisse, ô ma gondole," the duet for Haydée and Lorédan in the third act "Je t'aime, ô mon maître, je t'aime," and some other numbers which might be named; but on the whole the charm of the performance at the Gaiety arises from the excellence of the acting rather than of the music.

To speak first of the new tenor, M. Tournié, whose first appearance (as Zampa) was briefly recorded last week. This gentleman possesses a very good and powerful tenor voice, and though, like most of his countrymen, somewhat addicted to the *tremolo*, he sings like an artist. His great success, however, is as an actor. The finale of the first act, in which Lorédan in a state of somnambulism goes through the whole of the gambling scene in which he had ruined Donato, makes great demands upon the performer. It is not too much to say that M. Tournié was fully equal to the requirements of the part. Throughout the whole opera, however, his acting was so uniformly good that it is difficult to select any portion for special notice. No less excellent was M. Dauphin, as Malipieri, the villain of the piece. His singing of the song "A toi seul la puissance," in which he expresses his jealousy of and hatred to Lorédan, was given with much power, and with an intense malignity of expression which showed M. Dauphin as an actor of great ability. M. Barbet was thoroughly satisfactory as Andrea, and M. Sujol has hardly been better suited with any part (unless perhaps that of Hortensius in the *Fille du Régiment*) than with that of Domenico, in which he was at times exceedingly droll. Mdme. Naddi as Haydée was most charming. Like nearly all the company, she unfortunately indulges too much in the *vibrato*, but with this qualification, she can be unreservedly praised. She was irresistibly encored in the song "C'est la corvette," already referred to: but perhaps her greatest effect was made in the duet with Lorédan. She sang with great brilliancy her air in the third act "Pour punir pareille offense;" but this movement is musically by no means one of the best pieces in the work. The part of Rafaela was sustained by Mdle. Mary Albert, a young lady pleasing though not remarkable as a singer, but a most excellent and versatile actress. The finished *ensemble* of the whole performance was

quite as noticeable as on previous occasions; and the orchestra, under the able and careful direction of M. Hasselmans, has much improved in finish and refinement since the commencement of the season.

EBENEZER PROUT.

A GRAND concert was given last Saturday at the Crystal Palace, in honour of the visit of the Sultan of Zanzibar. Handel's *Acis and Galatea* and a miscellaneous selection of music were performed on the large orchestra by the Handel Festival choir. Concerts given on special occasions such as this present few features of artistic interest, and call for no detailed comment. It will suffice to say that the solo parts in Handel's work were sustained by Miss Edith Wynne, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. Montem Smith, and Signor Foli.

THE seventh Philharmonic Concert, on Monday evening, brought forward Mendelssohn's "Italian" symphony, a selection from Sullivan's "Tempest" music—one of his best, if not his best work—the overture to *Die Bräut von Messina* (Schumann), and *Tannhäuser*, and Beethoven's concerto in G, in which Signor Lodovico Breitner confirmed the favourable impression he had produced in his first appearance at a previous concert of the season. The vocalist was Mdlle. Varesi.

At last Saturday's New Philharmonic Concert the specialty was Brahms's very interesting Piano-forte Concerto, brilliantly played by Herr Alfred Jaell. The orchestral pieces given were Mendelssohn's "Reformation" symphony, the overtures to the *Freischütz* and *Guillaume Tell*, and Gounod's Entr'acte from *La Colombe* and "Funeral March of a Marionnette." Mr. Santley was the vocalist.

THE fourth and last of the excellent chamber concerts given by Messrs. Ludwig and Daubert took place at the Langham Hall on Wednesday evening. The most important feature was Beethoven's great quartett in C sharp minor, Op. 131, played by Messrs. Ludwig, Jung, Zerbini, and Daubert. The programme also included Mendelssohn's sonata in B flat for piano and violoncello, performed by Messrs. Franklin Taylor and Daubert, two movements from Bach's sixth sonata for violin solo (Herr Ludwig), and Beethoven's piano sonata in E minor, Op. 90 (Mr. Franklin Taylor).

LAST Tuesday afternoon the pupils of Mdlle. Sainton-Dolby's Vocal Academy gave their first concert at Willis's Rooms. The programme was an excellent one, and the pupils who performed (Misses Wigan, Vernon, Courtney, Cunningham, Wallace and Meenan) were assisted by Miss Eva Leslie, a former pupil of the Academy, Mr. V. Fabiani and Signor Federici in the vocal, and by Mr. Beesley and M. Sainton in the instrumental department. Mdlle. Sainton-Dolby is so well known as a successful teacher that it is almost needless to add that the performance of her pupils did great credit to her instructions.

THE National Academy for the Higher Development of Pianoforte Playing also gave an Invitation Concert of its students at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street, last Saturday. Without entering into detailed criticism (for, of course, students should not be judged from the same standpoint as professional musicians), it may be said that all the pupils acquitted themselves creditably, while some showed really remarkable talent, and that on the whole "higher development" came off with flying colours.

THE first concert for the present season of the Musical Artists' Society was announced for last evening. This society, which we have before had occasion to mention with praise in these columns, is founded with the laudable object of giving English composers the opportunity of producing new works. How well it carries out its purpose may be judged from last evening's programme, which consisted almost exclusively of compositions by its members, and included a piano

trio by Mr. J. F. Barnett, sonatas for piano and violin by Messrs. E. H. Thorne and J. Lea Summers, a piano duet by Mr. C. E. Stephens, piano solos by Messrs. H. C. Banister and Eaton Fanning, and vocal music by Mdlle. R. O'Leary Vinning, Miss Oliveria Prescott, and Messrs. A. Gilbert, C. Gardner, Louis N. Parker, H. Baumer, and Arthur O'Leary.

A GRAND concert is announced for next Tuesday at the Alexandra Palace, in aid of the funds of the International Mozart Institution at Salzburg. The programme is to include the "Jupiter" symphony; the pianoforte concerto in D, to be played by Mr. Charles Hallé; the double concerto for violin and viola, by Mdlle. Norman-Néruda and Herr Straus. The vocalists are to be Mdlles. Singelli and Pernini, Mdlle. Déméric-Lablache, Miss Rose Hersee, Mdlle. Georgina Schubert, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and Mr. Santley. The conductors will be Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Dannreuther, and Mr. Weist Hill. The concert, we are informed, has been arranged by Mr. Sigmund Menkes, the agent of the Mozart Institution in London.

THE first session of the Musical Association will terminate on Monday evening with a conversazione to be held in the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street.

HERR SUCHER, the conductor of the Comic Opera at Vienna, has been invited to succeed Hans Richter in a similar capacity at the National Theatre in Pesth.

VERDI is the hero of the day in Vienna, and the local press supplies the public with all the information possible regarding his history. The most curious of the particulars related of him is certainly the fact that he was dismissed from the Conservatorio at Milan on account of—a total want of musical talent. Verdi had been sent to this establishment by a lawyer in his native village, who took an interest in him when he was a lad working in his father's mill, and picking up some notion of the science of music from the organist of the place. The same generous patron came to his assistance six years later at the turning-point of his career. The Scala at Milan then required a new opera; the libretto by Solera was ready, the subject was *Nabuco*, and two or three composers had in vain attempted to draw inspiration from this text. Verdi's kind friend now bent all his energies towards obtaining the task for his protégé; but though the latter willingly undertook the composition, the *impresario* was not so easily induced to risk the production on the great Milanese stage of a work by a composer dismissed from the Conservatorio for lack of talent. His patron had, therefore, to spend large sums in caution-money under various forms; but at length the decisive moment came. Verdi's *Nabuco* was produced, and was triumphantly successful. It was regarded as nothing less than a musical revelation. The composer was called upon the stage some thirty times, and stood there in a threadbare coat and questionable boots gazing at one particular box in which sat a happy old miller from the country. To revert to the present, the great success of the *Requiem* has induced Verdi to promise to visit Vienna during the next winter-season in order to direct the performance of his *Don Carlos*, which has been accepted at the Court Opera House.

THE list of prizes and certificates in music granted by Mr. John Hullah at the Society of Arts Examinations has just been published. The first prize is taken by Mr. D. McGhie, and the second by Mr. W. Millar, both of Glasgow. The ladies' prize is awarded to Miss Louisa Dickes, of London. The total number of certificates granted is 131, as against 102 last year. The two prizemen are both Tonic Sol-fa-ists, as are also 75 out of the 131 who receive certificates. During the past nine years Tonic Sol-fa-ists have taken eight first prizes at these examinations. The total number of certificates granted during that period is 707, and 438 of these have been taken by Tonic

Sol-fa-ists. The examination is, of course, conducted strictly in the old nomenclature and notation. A large proportion of the Tonic Sol-fa students who have obtained certificates have been trained at Anderson's University, Glasgow.

A CORRESPONDENT at Milan of the *Neue Freie Presse* denies the correctness of the *Figaro's* information regarding the condition of the work by Donizetti lately found at Bergamo, and supplies the following particulars regarding this composition. The first act of the opera in four acts, *Le Duc d'Alba*, is indeed quite finished; it certainly forms, however, only a prologue to the following acts, and hence its brevity presented no opportunity to the composer of producing any conspicuous pieces of music. A few numbers only of the second act are finished; but not a single piece of music in the larger half of this act, or in the whole of the third and fourth acts, is complete. The vocal music is jotted down without accompaniment in the most cursory manner, often only indicated, and only some noting here and there permits the intended harmonisation and instrumentation to be at the same time divined. It was intended at Bergamo to produce the first act of *Le Duc d'Alba*, and the fragments of the second, at the great memorial festival to be held there next September in honour of Donizetti; but the *maestri* entrusted with the arrangement of these works, Bertuletti and Zanetti, gave their opinion strongly against this, and the proposed performance was given up. The correspondent, who evidently cannot forgive the *Figaro* for having announced the work found at Bergamo as a great artistic novelty, which interested France next to Italy, observes that the veneration for Donizetti suddenly developed by this journal seems very absurd when it is remembered that the Grand Opera in Paris possesses, but has never produced, one of the finest works of the composer. *Dom Sebastian*, written expressly for that stage.

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